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OUR FRENCH VISITORS; SPECIAL PHOTOS INSIDE. ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.

UNEMPLOYED RIOT AT MANCHESTER.

An exciting encounter between the police and the unemployed took place last week. After holding a meeting in Albert Square, in front of the Town Hall, at which their leaders threw out broad hints that strong measures were about to be taken to force the hands of the Government, the men formed a procession, and, headed by two men carrying a banner bearing the words, "We demand the Unemployed Bill," several hundreds marched down Market Street, the principal street of the city. Half-way up Market Street the processionists declined to make way for the traffic. To clear the street and make room for the tramway-cars that had been brought to a standstill the police charged the crowd and a general melee ensued. The unemployed retaliated, and sticks and batons were freely used.

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CHIVERS' JELLIES

THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

JACQUES AND JACK.

The *entente* had its beginnings in the high politics of diplomatists. It has now transformed itself into a true national sentiment on both sides of the Channel. It is to that sentiment that both hosts and guests desire upon this auspicious occasion to give free play. High politics may go hang. The French fleets have visited our shores on three previous occasions—in 1844, in 1865, and again just after the formation of the Dual Alliance in 1891. But the formality which surrounded these earlier exchanges of courtesy forms no sort of precedent for the spirit which animates our sailors

Photo, Stephen Cribb, Southsea.
Our French Visitors: Admiral Caillard and his Staff.

as hosts to-day. Never before has Jack had a chance of welcoming Jacques on terms of warm friendship and mutual confidence. After Brest, Jack feels that he has a hard task before him to return adequately the whole-hearted hospitality of France. But if he fails to outvie the welcome of a host so perfectly "to the manner born" he can console himself with the reflection that Jacques, as a guest on Albion's shore, will take the will for the deed.

UNEMPLOYED RIOT IN MANCHESTER.

A serious conflict between the Manchester police and the unemployed of the city occurred last week.

It arose out of a series of demonstrations which have been held from day to day with the object of drawing attention to the Government's attitude on the Unemployed Bill.

In defiance of the civic authorities, the unemployed have held meetings in Albert Square, under the shadow of the town hall and the headquarters of the police, and although some of the men's leaders have used inflammatory language, no disturbance had previously taken place.

Last week's meeting, however, was followed by rioting in Market Street, and scenes of great disorder and confusion were witnessed.

Demonstrations, carrying banners, on one of which was inscribed in bold letters "We demand the Unemployed Bill," were marching in procession from Albert Square to Piccadilly when an electric tramcar, which was proceeding in the same direction up Market Street, overtook them.

The men refused to move out of the tramway track to allow the car to pass. The police, who were present in large numbers, requested them to make way, but they repeatedly declined, and the consequence was that traffic was brought almost to a standstill.

At length Police-Superintendent Watson, seeing that the demonstrators were in an obstinate mood, gave a signal, whereupon a number of constables charged into the procession.

A scene of tremendous excitement followed, and it was feared that a repetition of "Peterloo" in 1819, when several persons were killed in a riot in the city, would be the result.

Some of the unemployed stood their ground when the police charged, and many blows were exchanged on both sides. One or two constables and several of the unemployed were knocked down, and for some time the demonstrators showed fight.

Reinforcements of police were sent for, and at last the crowds, seeing the hopelessness of their opposition to the police, gave up the struggle. Two of their number were seriously injured.

The troubles between the unemployed and the police at Manchester are not the first of this character which have arisen in the history of

Photo, Russell, Southsea.
Mr. G. E. Cousins, the Mayor of Portsmouth.

Cottonopolis. Everybody is familiar with the story of Peterloo, a name satirically given in imitation of Waterloo to an affray during the reign of George the Third, says the *Evening Standard*. Seventy thousand people assembled at St. Peter's Fields, Manchester, to discuss Parliamentary reform. The magistrates, fearing

Photo, Frith.
PORTSMOUTH TOWN HALL, where the officers and men of the French Fleet were entertained at a magnificent banquet yesterday (Thursday) evening.

Photo, Frith.
WESTMINSTER HALL, where our French visitors will be given a luncheon to-morrow (Saturday).

trouble, did the very thing to create it: they sent yeomanry to disperse the crowd. The amateurs got wedged in and could neither go forward nor retreat. To make matters worse, a troop of hussars was ordered to charge the gathering. The result was that, although no opposition was offered,

Photo, Cribb, Southsea.
The King at Cowes. Taking a walk on the front.

eleven persons were killed and six hundred injured. Curiously enough, the scene of the massacre, as it was called, was land owned by Cobden, who afterwards presented it to the Anti-Corn Law League, and there the Free Trade Hall stands to-day.

Political strife raises angry passions to-day, but the worst is mild compared with the temper of those times. "What," wrote Hobhouse, "prevents the people from marching to the House, pulling the members out by the ears, locking the door, and flinging the key into the Thames? Knightsbridge Barracks!" The pamphlet in which this gentle assertion was contained was brought to the notice of the House, voted a false, scandalous, and seditious libel, and its author commited to Newgate. It was at this time, too, that, but for a happy accident, extremist views would have found terrible expression by the murder of the entire Ministry. They were all to have been slaughtered when they assembled for dinner at Lord Harrowby's house. Instead of the Cabinet, it was the Cato-street conspirators who died.

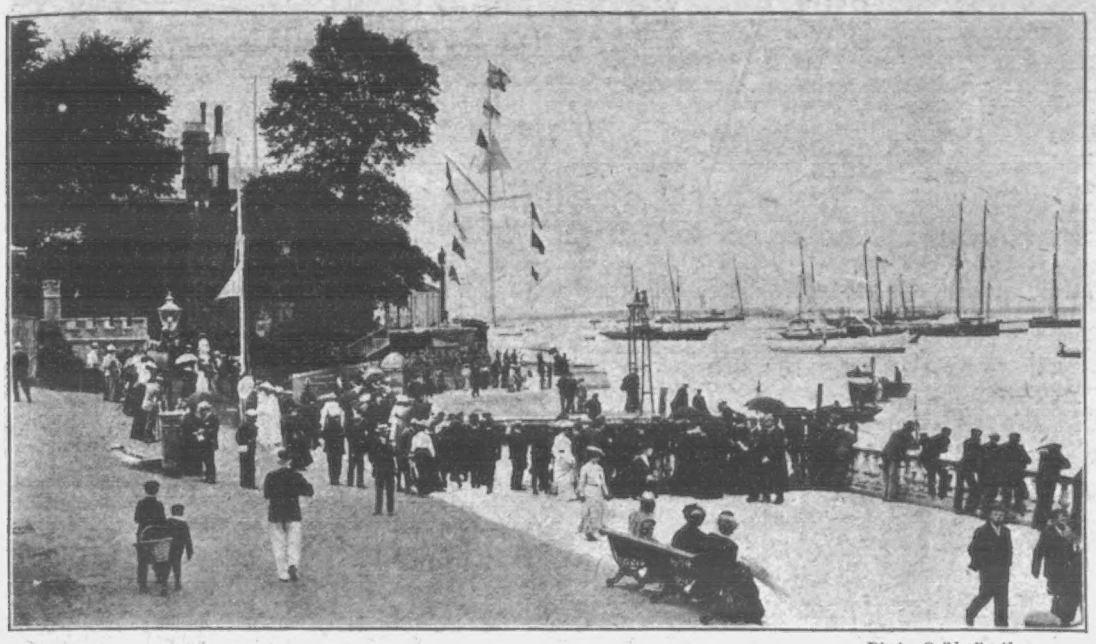
MODERN PETER THE HERMIT.

General Booth is consumed with an irresistible and resistless restlessness. Despite his seventy-six years and the labours of his tour to the Antipodes, he no sooner arrives in England than he starts off on a long motor tour, eager to continue his helpfulness to his fellows. The world has rarely seen so fine an example of a man tireless in his efforts to carry out the main precept of the Christian religion—to help those who have fallen, and to aid those who cannot stand by themselves, says the *Daily Express*. Matthew Arnold, in one of his aphorisms, refers to the ease of understanding religion and the difficulty of doing it. General Booth apparently finds one as easy as the other. He is not merely an old man who sees visions, for the most striking part of his life's work is the supreme success with which he practically realises his dreams. His great scheme of helping the unemployed by shifting the excess of labour in one part of the Empire to another part in which the demand for labour exceeds the supply, is already successful in its beginnings, and bids fair, with the promised co-operation of the Colonial Governments, to grow into a scheme that may be reckoned as a great national asset.

LITTLE GIRL'S SCHEME TO HELP THE F.A.F.

Three years in succession little Miss Beatrice Whitby, of 33 Manor Street, Sneinton, Nottingham, has organised a bazaar on behalf of the Fresh Air Fund, and, with a few of her girl friends, carried her enterprise through with wonderful success in the backyard of her father's house. This year's bazaar was held a few days ago. The backyard was transformed into a fairy bower, with bunting, banners, trophies, and flowers. Two of the visitors were the only two survivors of the Balaclava Charge of whom Nottingham can boast. The bazaar was opened with a little dedicatory ceremony by Councillor J. H. Gregg, of the Lace City. The Misses May Martin, Florrie Parkinson, and Katie Prince sold drapery, all made by Beatrice Whitby's girl friends. Miss Clarice Parkinson and Miss Flora Allcock had charge of the sweets, and the splendid little organiser of the bazaar assisted her girl companions, Agnes Inskip and Gladis Bradbury, at a well-equipped general stall. The three backyard bazaars Beatrice has organised during the last three years have resulted in the F.A.F. receiving cheques amounting altogether to £41 11s., or sufficient to give 1,000 poor children a country day.

Photo, Russell, Southsea.
Admiral Sir A. Douglas, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth.



Photo, Cribb, Southsea.

THE CLUB HOUSE ROADS AND LANDING-STAGE AT COWES: Where the French Fleet lies during the Regatta week.

The Oldest Twins.

The death has occurred at St. Andrews of Thomas Melville, aged ninety-four. Mr. Melville and his twin brother George, who still lives at the adjacent county town of Cupar, were understood to be the oldest twins in the world.

Ladies in the High Alps.

Miss Bessie Norton, of Allfarthing Lane, Wandsworth, describes in the *Herald* how she is the first lady to make the ascent of Mont Blanc this year:—"On arriving at the Observatory Janssen, at the top of the mountain," she writes, "the guides had to dig the snow away from the door before we could enter. It was so cold that one of the men had his moustache covered with ice, and icicles 2in. long hung from it. My breath froze inside my helmet. We only stopped in the observatory a quarter of an hour, as we could not stand the cold any longer. It took us nine hours from the Grand Mulets to reach the top and only three and a half hours to return, the reason being that at all possible places we sat on the snow and slid down. We had to cross six or seven crevasses, some of which were from four to five feet wide, and I don't know how many feet deep. After the guide had jumped across and got a firm foothold, he told me to do the same, and at the same time he pulled me by my rope.' The well-known English lady Alpinist, Miss Hampton-Simpson, who has been staying at Interlaken, has made the first ascent of the season of the Jungfrau, on the north side of the Jungfraujoch. Miss Hampton-Simpson was accompanied by a famous local Alpinist. Mr. Willie Seiler, and two of the best guides. The climb was full of danger, the ice walls being often almost impossible to overcome. For fifteen hours footholds had to be cut in the ice, but, in spite of all difficulties, Miss Hampton-Simpson would not give in. She has now gone on to Zermatt, where she is awaiting favourable conditions to attack the Matterhorn and some of the neighbouring difficult peaks.

Photo, Clement.

Miss Bessie Norton in Alpine helmet. She was the first lady climber to reach the summit of Mont Blanc this year. The cold was so intense that the breath froze inside her helmet.

Woman Banned as a Witch.

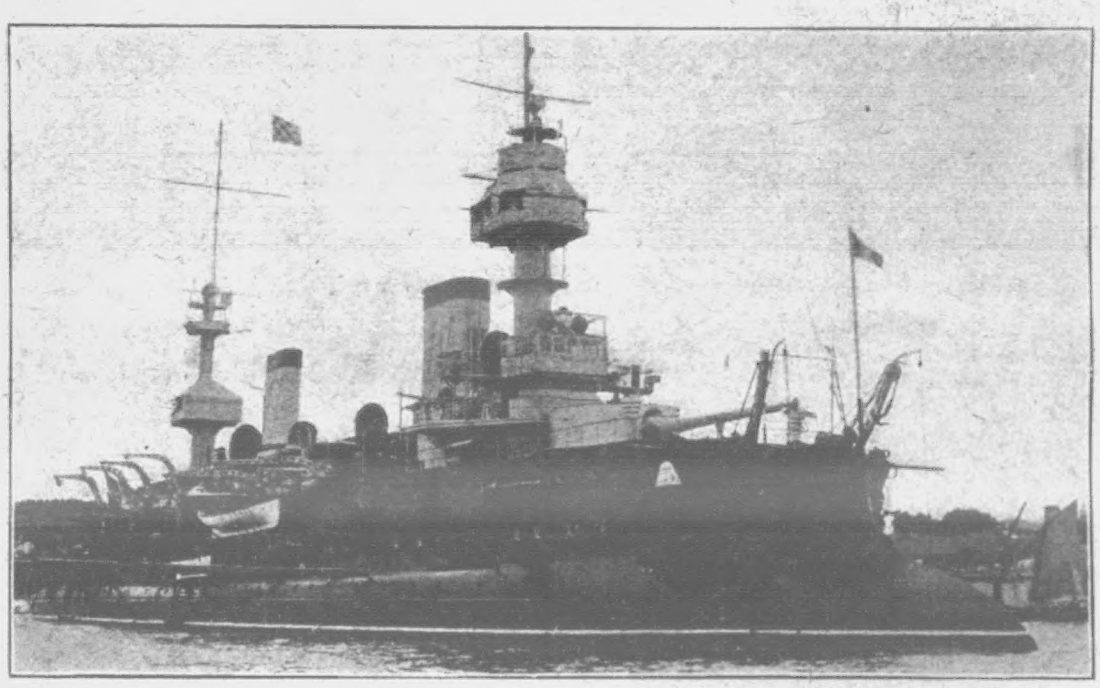
A curious case, illustrating how some of the poorer classes still cling to the ancient belief in witchcraft, occurred in a village near Downham Market, Norfolk. A lonely old woman, who was in receipt of parish relief, fell ill, and when visited by the relieving officer was found to be in a state of collapse, probably owing to the fact that she had been without food or drink for three days. Her condition was such that the officer deemed the services of a nurse necessary, and on trying to procure one was astounded at the refusals he met with on all tides. The neighbours alleged that she old woman was a witch, and several of them declared that they were or had been, under her uncanny power. After many attempts the officer succeeded in persuading a woman, also in receipt of relief, to look after the old woman, the during her first night's vigil but nurse's experiences were such that no money would tempt her to stay any longer. She alleged that the patient, who was probably delirious, conversed with the Evil One, and that the scenes were terrible to behold and their talk was of a most appalling character. Another nurse whom the officer persuaded to stay with the old woman told a similar story, and at last he secured the services of two women. The patient ultimately died, and after her death more trouble was experienced in getting the body into the coffin, and the officer had to perform that duty himself. The old women in attendance declared that among other preparations found in the old woman's cottage were bottles containing dragon's blood, herbal concoctions, and other articles popularly associated with witchcraft.

Expeditions that have Disappeared.

The Sir Augustus Gregory, whose death has been announced from Australia, is the same man who, over half-a-century ago, led expedition after expedition into the unknown interior of the Island-Continent in search of the lost explorer, Ludwig Leichardt (remarks *T.A.T.*). No more uncanny story exists in the annals of the Commonwealth than that which deals with the disappearance of this latter eminent traveller and his brave companions. Well armed and splendidly equipped, with stores sufficient to last them many months, they set out from Queensland in the autumn of 1847, with the object of crossing Australia from east to west. Up to April of the year following news of their progress reached the settlements; since when silence. Nor to this day does anyone know what happened to the ill-fated party. Not a scrap of paper, not a solitary relic of its fate, has ever been discovered. Either it must have been absolutely annihilated by the blacks, or overwhelmed in some natural catastrophe. A like mystery, too, attaches to the fate of the Russian mission which set out some years back to map the course of the Tsangpo, a river which has its rise amid the ice deserts of South-Western Tibet. The expedition did not, however, attempt to penetrate the mystery of its source, but joined the main stream about three hundred miles down, at which point it has developed into a broad, navigable river, with a considerable boat traffic on it, although at an elevation but little below the summit of Mont Blanc. Including porters and attendants, the total strength of the exploring party was nearly three hundred, and these, marching mostly in single file along the stream's ice-bound banks, reached at last a point, situated in about 94deg. east longitude, where the turbid waters enter a vast cleft or gorge in the Himalayas. Into this gorge, which is but the first of a series of many others, the ill-fated party plunged, and it should have emerged within a week or two on the plains of Assam. But weeks lengthened into months, and nothing was heard of it. A relief expedition, which tried to follow in its footsteps, reported the country impracticable—a wilderness of gorges, canyons, and the most frightful precipices, interringled with huge glaciers, treacherous bogs, and snowfields of unknown depth.

Wealthy Beggars' Trust.

Six men, all of them property owners, have been arrested in New York on a charge of having formed themselves into a beggars' trust. They were discovered by detectives of the Charity Organisation Society while soliciting money in the Italian quarter of the city during the celebration of the Italian feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The detectives told the magistrate that the men made a regular business of working Italian fairs and religious fêtes, pooling the profits at the close of the day's work. One of the beggars had £117 in notes and 12s. 6d. in coin in his pockets when arrested. Another had a bankbook showing that he had £300 deposited and had paid out all but £130 to his associates. The magistrate allowed the beggars bail of £60 each until their trial.



Photo, Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

THE FRENCH ADMIRAL'S FLAGSHIP.

French Officers' Sixty-Mile Race: The ride between Lyons and Aix-les-Bains, in which sixty-two French officers took part, ended disastrously for the horses. The ride was run over fields, marsh and bog land, in a temperature of 92deg. in the shade, and the condition of the animals was pitiable. On arrival at the control seven horses fell down and died on the road, and many others were too seriously injured to continue the race. Our picture shows the winner on his arrival at Aix-les-Bains.

Telegram Went Wrong.

Owing to a mistake in the delivery of a telegram a full military band travelled from Reading to Hook, in Hampshire, and furnished music at a cricket match. Major Barker was playing cricket at Hook and wanted another man. He wired to Lieutenant Hall at the barracks in Reading, "Come and play." The telegram was addressed simply, "Hall, Barracks, Reading," and was delivered to Drummer Hall. Hall took a band of twenty pieces, and went to play; but it was not cricket that he played.

Died of a Sudden.

When the Shah was in Paris last year he was accompanied by an official named Mahmoud Khan, who is not with him now. A French journalist who remembered Mahmoud well, put some questions about him the other day to a member of the Shah's retinue (says the *Chronicle*). "What has become of Mahmoud Khan?" inquired the journalist. "He is dead, monsieur," was the answer. "Poor fellow! But surely he was young, and seemed to enjoy excellent health?" "It was excellent," assented the Persian functionary. "Was he ill very long?" "No, monsieur. He was not ill at all. He died quite suddenly." "Indeed! How did it happen?" The Persian functionary explained (with a slightly embarrassed air)): "He was not sympathetic to the Grand Vizier."

Photo, Cribb.

OUR FRENCH VISITORS: Some types of French sailors on board the various vessels of the Fleet.

Photo, Advance.

An Historical House for Sale on the Thames Embankment. In it, at different times, lived Peter the Great, David Copperfield, and William Black.

A Historic Street.

The house at the bottom of Buckingham Street, Strand, on the left-hand side, is for sale. This house is full of associations. Here, or in its predecessor, lived Peter the Great. Here undoubtedly dwelt David Copperfield, under the motherly care of Mrs. Crupp, and here he gave those two famous dinner parties. I can also recall on the first floor at one time dwelt Dutton Cook, also Burges, the architect, says "Bystander," in the *Graphic*. The latter had a wonderful mediæval knocker on his door that formed the subject of one of Charles Keene's humorous drawings in *Punch*. On the second floor were William Black's rooms, which he always occupied when absent from Brighton or not away on any of his yachting trips. For a small street Buckingham Street is full of literary and artistic associations. In the predecessor of the house on the opposite corner to the one referred to lived Samuel Pepys. In the opposite mansion at one time dwelt Clarkson Stanfield and William Etty—the rooms of the latter are now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell—and I can recollect calling at another house in the street one day and finding the late B. L. Farjeon rattling off one of his novels on a typewriter. He was, I believe, the first English author to make extensive use of this now popular instrument.

Quite Outdone.

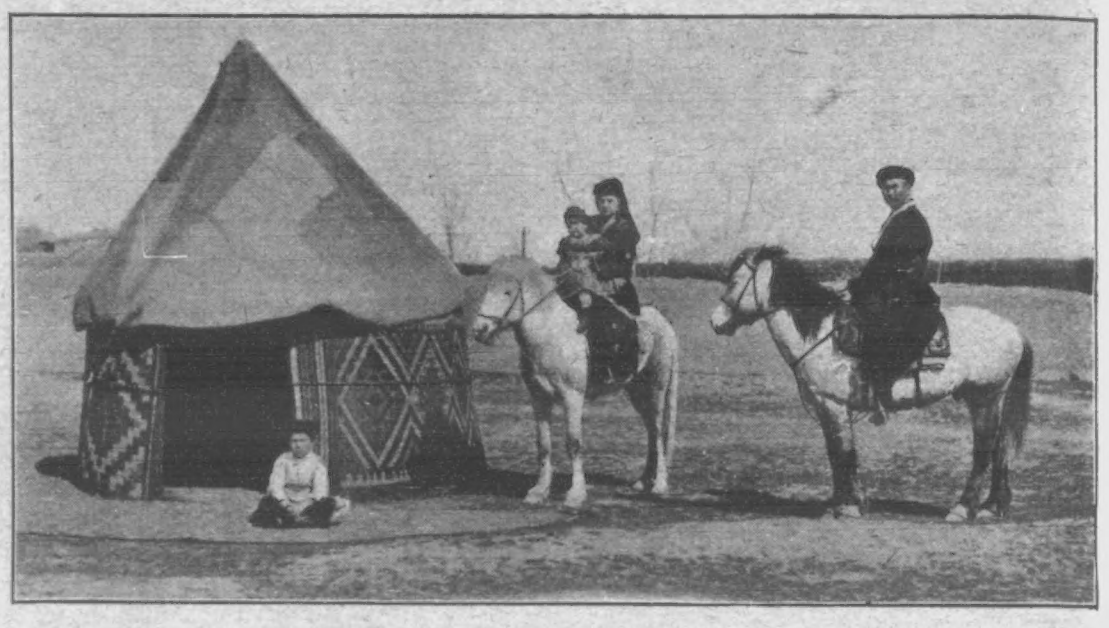
An English and an American merchant were discussing the relative importance of their business. "Why," said the Englishman, "in my firm the clerks use 30,000 gallons of ink a year!" "Oh, that's nothing!" retorted the American; "we saved that much ink in a year by ordering our clerks not to dot their i's!"

Hero of the Alps.

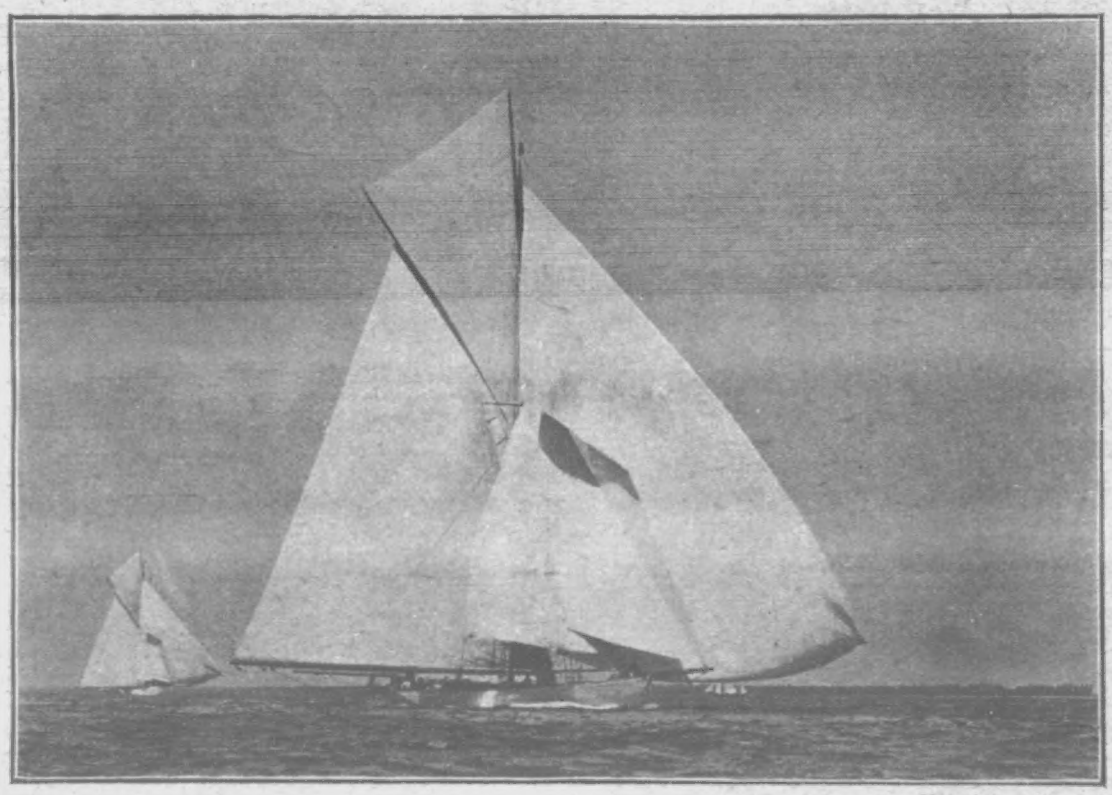
The old hero of the Alps, Leopold Grand, the Alpine guide of the Little St. Bernard, has just been decorated with the Order of the Legion of Honour. None deserved the distinction better than he. Grand lived in a tiny refuge hut on the Little St. Bernard, and has saved the lives of countless travellers who lost their way or were overcome by storms and avalanches while attempting to reach the St. Bernard Hospice. In 1887 Grand saved the lives of five travellers who were lost in a snow hurricane. His reward for this act was a silver medal. In the following year he received the Order of Merit from the King of Italy for saving the lives of six Italians. In 1889 he rescued, single-handed, Mme. de Verrage, a French lady, who had been swept away by an avalanche, and was rewarded by a gift of 16s. Some years later Grand and his son went to the rescue of a detachment of Alpine troops that had been overcome by an avalanche. While toiling at the work of rescue Grand saw his son swept away before his eyes and dashed over a precipice. The poor old father, recognising that his son was killed, said a prayer and went on with his work of rescuing the soldiers, and after digging them out of the snow he carried them one by one on his back to his hut, a distance of nearly a mile. He succeeded in saving the lives of three of these men, and received from the Government £4 as his reward. Again, in 1900, he rescued a party of Alpine troops from death, and not a year has passed without the heroic old man saving one or more travellers at the risk of his life.

Lost Both Legs.

An extraordinary case was heard at Glamorgan Assizes, when Edward Samuel May, a contractor's assistant, of Porth, brought an action to recover damages against the Taff Vale Railway Company for loss of both legs. May, who was wheeled into court, said he took a ticket from Porth to Pontypridd, on February 29th, and, as he was standing up to put his umbrella in the rack, the train jerked and he was thrown against the door, which flew open. His legs were injured badly by a passing train and had to be amputated. Mr. Francis Williams, K.C., for the defence, said he would show that May was never a passenger at all, and that he deliberately placed his legs upon the line for the purpose of getting compensation from the railway company and also money from the insurance coupons he had upon him. Further evidence, added counsel, would show there was nothing which could possibly cause a jerk of the train; that, as a fact, no jerk did occur; and that between the train out of which May said he fell and one that followed and cut off his feet there was a coal train which evidently did no injury. Moreover, both feet were cut perfectly straight, and in such a way as to make it highly improbable that he had fallen out of the train and rolled on to the line. The railway officials alleged that all doors were fastened when the train arrived at the next station, and the guard said that the compartment in question was unoccupied when the train left Porth. The jury disagreed, and were discharged.



WANDERING RUSSIAN SUBJECTS: Asiatic subjects of the Tsar, who move about all over the country after the fashion of the British gipsy, but instead of living in caravans they sleep in light, portable tents of native manufacture, which they pack up into remarkably small space, and hang in the form of a bundle to their saddles.



Photo, Beken, Cowes.

COWES WEEK: A pretty photograph of the "Bona" under full sail. This yacht has created a record in winning the greatest number of Royal Cups.

Paint-Pot's Part in Crime.

Charles Fisher, who was sent to penal servitude for ten years at the Old Bailey for coining, was said to have obtained impressions of the keys of street letter-boxes by arranging with a confederate to drop a paint-pot as the postman was about to open the letter-box. While the paint was being cleared away he took a wax impression of the key.

Acrobat and "Hooligans."

Another outrage by the Paris "Apaches"—this time with an unusual ending — occurred on the Boulevard de la Chapelle last week. M. Joseph Alauche, an acrobat, was returning home late when he was surrounded by six men. One of them drew a revolver and fired six shots, all of which M. Alauche, by quick leaps, avoided. The men then rushed upon him, but the acrobat, with a deft kick under the chin, upset the foremost assailant, who was armed with a razor, and escaped. Returning with a policeman, M. Alauche succeeded, says the *Matin*, in overtaking and capturing two of his aggressors, who are now awaiting trial.

Talent and Finger Prints.

If all the fingers are equally well and clearly marked it shows a person who is not clumsy at anything, but who has no special talent. If any finger is better marked than the other fingers it shows a predominance of the quality indicated by that finger. The first finger is the "leadership" finger. The second finger is the "science" finger. The third finger is the "art" finger. The little finger gives language, and if set high in the hand business ability. The second and third fingers with same pattern and better marked than the other two, indicate a combination of science and art such as music. The thumb well marked indicates "will power" and firmness.

Unoslerised Pugilist.

John L. Sullivan writes to the San Francisco *Call*: "I wrote a letter the other day to Dr. Osler, offering to put my fist through a door half an inch thick, and guaranteeing that there would be force enough in the punch when it came through to put him out if he'd hold his head there on the other side. And I'm forty-six. I haven't heard from the doctor."

Death of a Well-known Bookmaker.

Mr. Richard Dunn, the well-known bookmaker, passed away at Liverpool last week. He was present at the Liverpool race meeting last week, and he took to his bed at the Exchange Station Hotel, suffering from pneumonia and gout in the stomach. The death of "Dick" Dunn removes from the racing world one of its best-known men. Since the death Mr. R. A. Fry he was probably the most prominent bookmaker on the Turf, or, at any rate, the man in that line of business whose name was most familiar to the general public. He came into considerable notice at one time when the Anti-Gambling League proceeded against him. From his early youth Dunn was always a racing man and interested in any kind of sport. He was of a retiring disposition in private life. It is probable that he felt the effects of the bad times which the "ring" has experienced during the last five or six years.

Balloon Falls on a Palace.

A balloon, containing two aeronauts, fell on the roof of the Grand Palais des Beaux Arts in Paris last week, just as the Minister of Commerce was entering the building to inaugurate the Furniture Exhibition. The balloonists were unhurt, but a statue on the roof lost an arm, which was knocked off by the balloon in its descent, and a policeman, in helping to extricate the aeronauts from the folds of silk, fell through the roof of the Grand Palais, and sprained his wrist.

Sergeant Leaves £7,000 to His Old Regiment.

The late Sergeant Good, formerly of the 2nd West Yorkshire Regiment, left an estate valued at £7,000 to the non-commissioned officers' mess of his old regiment, now stationed at Belfast, in order to provide a library and plate. He also left two houses at Ryde for the use of old non-commissioned officers of the regiment. In his will he described his old regiment as his "happy home."

The "Columbia" Sound-Magnifying Graphophone: the Sound-Magnifying Instrument.

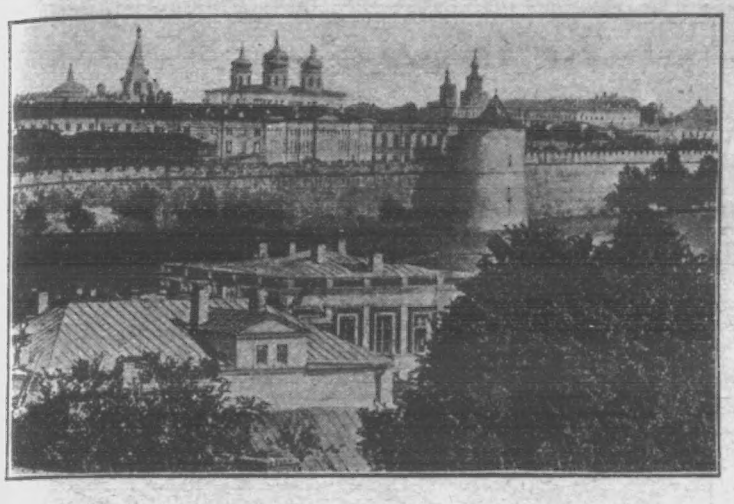
The "Columbia" Phonograph Company, of 89 Great Eastern Street, E.C., and 200 Oxford Street, W., recently gave a demonstration of their new "Columbia" Sound-Magnifying Graphophone. The instrument proved a remarkable success, giving loud, clear, ringing notes that could be heard all over a large building, and showing an extraordinary distinctness in the utterance of speech and song. Absolutely new principles are embodied in the instrument, which marks a revolution in talking-machines. An ordinary shilling gold-moulded record is used, but, with the aid of the new invention, it gives sounds amplified and accentuated at least sixteen times in volume.

Photo, Frith.

RAMSGATE TRAM DISASTER: At this point in the Madiera Road, a steep zig-zag thoroughfare, a tram from Broadstairs crashed into an iron fence and fell over a cliff thirty feet high. Strange to say, none of the passengers were seriously injured.

Photo, G. G. Bain.

WHAT VANITY CAN MAKE A MAN UNDERGO: A new "stretcher" for increasing the height which is said to have been successfully used in America.



Nijni-Novgorod is the latest Russian town at the mercy of the mob. It is the Market of the Empire. Its great fair, from July to September, attracts merchants from all parts of the world.

Besieged in a Mill Yard.

Shooting is heard nightly on the fair ground in the Persian quarter of Nijni-Novgorod. Numbers have left Nijni-Novgorod for Kazan, and there are now only workmen, clerks, police, soldiers, and Cossacks at this year's fair. Arrivals from Ivanovo Voznesensk, where there has been a strike for the last two months, report that the military there are without orders, and are doing nothing. It is impossible to venture into the streets, and an informant writes that he has been practically besieged in his mill yard for weeks. A police officer at Mitau, whilst pursuing two suspects, fired a revolver and killed one of them. Many thousands of persons followed the funeral procession, red flags being carried.

Prisoner Packed in a Box.

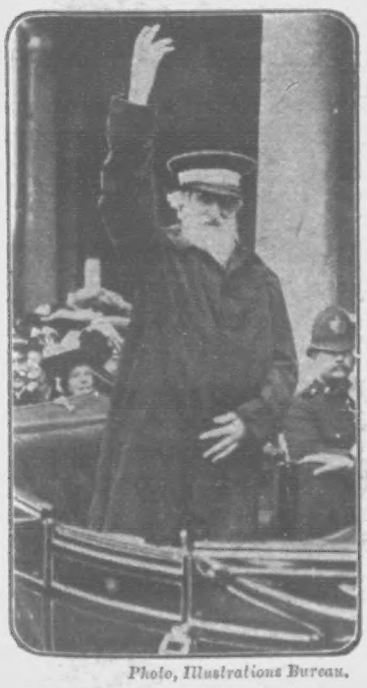
A convict named Lang, who is undergoing a fourteen years' sentence at the criminal establishment at Schärding, in Austria, for robbery and murder, attempted to escape from the prison in a packing-case intended to contain prayer-books. Some of his fellow-prisoners, who were engaged with him in binding the prayer-books, packed him into the case, and as the lid had to be nailed down they made one of the sides to open and close from the inside. The case was loaded with others on a waggon, but just before it started an overseer detected Lang as he opened the side of his case for air.

Treasure Island.

For some months past a number of labourers have been digging in the district of the Black River Mountain for a treasure valued at from twenty to thirty million pounds, supposed to have been buried at the time of the British conquest or some time before by the French officials. Labourers are working under the direction of an overseer, who is himself the employee of a company formed for the purpose of discovering the treasure. The pirates who at one time infested Mauritius and made it their headquarters buried their treasures in various parts of the island. Some of these have been found by the islanders from time to time. It is, however, believed that many people at the time of the British conquest buried whatever money or valuable goods they possessed. Part of the treasure which was buried at a Black River was placed there by same French officials. Documents exist showing that it was buried. Work is proceeding with feverish despatch on the spot.

Costly Kiss.

For kissing a lady visitor who was sitting on the beach at Cley-next-the-Sea, Norfolk, William Robinson Ridley was, at Holt Sessions, fined £5.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

GENERAL BOOTH'S MOTOR-CAR: The veteran crusader blessing the crowd during a halt.

volley from nearly 1,000 rifles. When the dust had settled there were stretched on the ground about thirty Cossacks, besides which the commander of the 72nd Regiment was killed, and our own commander was left wounded in the breast. He was removed from the scene by an officer, as not a single soldier would stir from his place. On the next day there arrived from Lublin the Commander-in-Chief of the Division, Lieut.-General Smirnoff, who, after a long and persuasive speech, succeeded in recovering the body of the murdered general from the soldiers.'

Knight's Tourney.

The recent representation of the famous jousts given by Philip the Good of Burgundy in 1452 in the Hall du Cinquantenaire, in Brussels, was a great success. No less a sum than £80,000 was spent by the Government upon this item in the seventy-fifth anniversary of Belgian Independence celebrations. The tournament was in preparation for two years, and for three months daily rehearsals took place. Every detail was ordered according to the ancient chronicles recording the joust of 1452. The dresses of the actors were of the richest materials, the designs being beautifully embroidered, coats of arms were worked on the horses' gay caparisons, the harness was set with glittering stones, and the armour used was gathered either from museums or specially made. There were over a thousand performers, and at one moment more than half were before the spectators. Some of the principal characters were impersonated by descendants of the knights who formed the flower of chivalry at the magnificent Court of Philip Duke of Burgundy. At each end of the hall were two camps, the one for Philip's son, the Comte de Charolais, afterwards Charles the Bold, in whose honour the tournament was given, and the other for such knights as opposed him in the fray, and specially for Adolphe of Cleves, who headed the *cortège* of chevaliers come to do combat with the Comte and his followers. The two principal characters, dressed in magnificent gold armour, crowned with waving plumes and armed with long lances, their horses covered with armour and splendid embroidery, dashed at each other across the dividing barrier. As in the real fray, Duke Charles was the victor, breaking sixteen lances victoriously against his opponents, amid great applause from the ladies' gallery, to which a mock Isabella of Portugal, Duchess of Burgundy, and other great ladies, magnificently attired, had retired after a sensational entry on horseback. Besides the combats with the lance, fights on foot with battle axes and with swords took place, the announcement of each event—the challenge and its acceptance—being given in a loud voice in old-world French by the marshal of the lists and the heralds, the trumpets giving the same stirring calls as in 1452.

Trapping a Wife.

Luigi Brogi, a wine merchant, was sentenced to one year's imprisonment for causing the death of his wife, under curious circumstances. Brogi suspected his wife of an intrigue with a neighbour, a hairdresser named Tamburini, and accordingly set a trap to catch the guilty couple. He tied a cord to the bolt of a trap-door in the floor of the cellar, and holding the end of the cord waiting for the pair. Towards the evening his wife, accompanied by Tamburini, entered the cellar with stealthy steps. Hardly had the pair reached the centre of the vault when Brogi, with a wrench at the cord, drew away the bolt of the trap-door, and his wife and her lover were instantly precipitated into another vault below, falling a distance of twelve feet on the cobble-stones. The woman was killed outright, and the hairdressing Lothario was seriously injured, and conveyed to hospital, where he still lies in a dangerous condition.

Curious Regimental Pets.

One of the bandsmen in camp with the Notts Militia at Chilwell, Notts, has as his companions two doves and a pigeon. All three birds attend every performance given by the band, the doves perching on the brass drum and the pigeon sitting on the bandmaster's stand.

Relic of an Earthquake.

It is reported from Kangra, in India, that an immense lake, two or three miles long, has been formed by a hill-slide which blocked a tributary of the Beas River after the earthquake in April. The immense sheet of water threatens to burst its barriers and carry destruction down the valley. A telegraph has been erected in order to provide instant information of a possible catastrophe. Watchmen are stationed in the area of danger, and will warn the villagers by firing bombs and lighting beacon fires.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

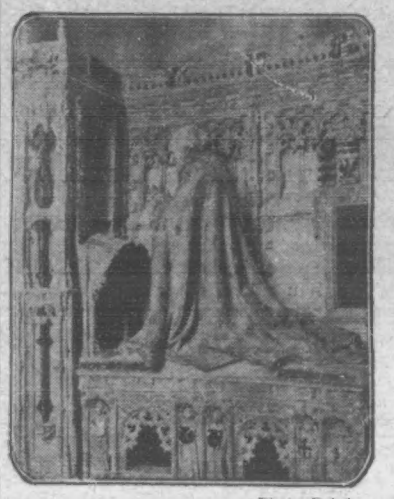
MEDIÆVAL FÊTE IN BRUSSELS, held to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of Belgian Independence. The Government spent £80,000 upon this show.

Russians' Revenge on Brutal Officer.

I have seen the original of a remarkable letter received from a soldier in the 71st (Bielavsky) Regiment, stationed at Novo-Alexandria, Province of Lublin (writes an *Express* correspondent), relating how the commander of the brigade, Major-General Remis, was literally torn to pieces by the regiment, after he had brutally murdered a corporal. The General appeared before the regiment, and explained that the 14th Army Corps, of which the regiment is a part, had been ordered to the front. He added, however, that he could not accompany the corps to the front. Then there were cries of "Scoundrel!" and "Coward!" from the ranks. "Approaching our company," continues the writer, "where on the right flank stood the company commander and a corporal, he pointed his revolver at the latter and demanded: 'Tell me immediately, you reptile, who shouted among your men!' The corporal replied that nobody in our company had shouted. 'You lie, you dog!' returned the general, and fired. The corporal fell dead. Not satisfied with this, the general aimed at him a second time and fired, but the bullet missed him, hitting instead the company commander, who also stumbled and fell on the spot. It is impossible to comprehend what happened then. Like tigers the soldiers threw themselves upon him, and in less than a minute all that remained of the brilliant general was shapeless mutilated flesh. The commanders of the 71st and 72nd Regiments called on the Cossacks, but when the latter fell upon the men the soldiers met them with a

In Her Bridal Robe.

Miss Parr, who was one of the victims of the electric train disaster near Liverpool, and who was to have been married on the Saturday, was buried in her wedding dress at Southport. She wore her engagement ring and the ring intended for her wedding, and a brooch given to her by the bridegroom was tied round her neck.



Photo, Bolak.

The Memorial to Archbishop Temple, which was unveiled in Canterbury Castle last week.

Lucky Vivandiere.

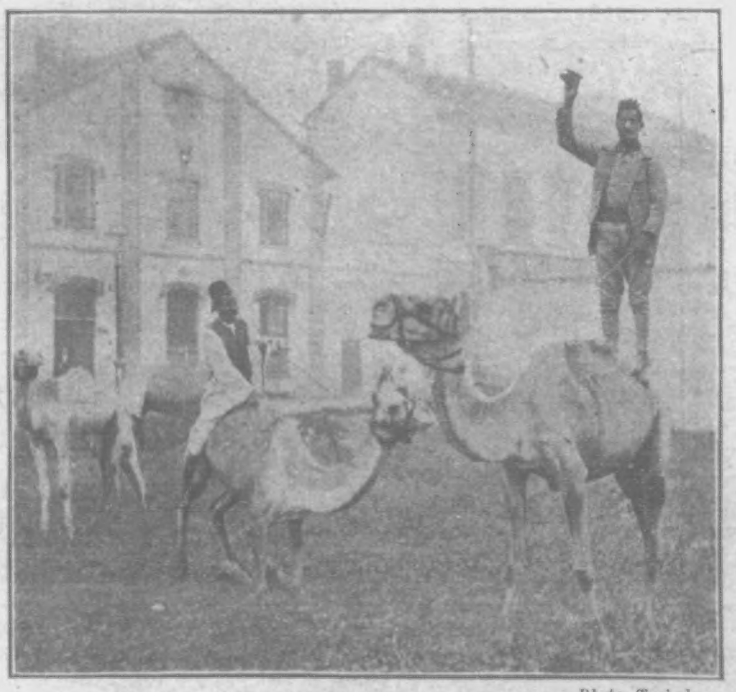
The winner of the million franc prize (£40,000) in the Press Lottery in Paris is Mme. Hofer, of Sedan, a *cantinière* of the 28th Dragoons, forty years old, and a widow, without children. She lost her husband and her mother last year. Mme. Hofer had made up her mind to leave the regiment in a few weeks' time, and settle in the neighbourhood of Paris. When the manager of the branch of the Crédit Lyonnais at Sedan informed her that she had drawn the winning number, she received the news quietly, replying to those who congratulated her: "I have no heirs. I shall make people happy with this money."

Nurses Decorated.

The decoration of the Royal Red Cross has been conferred by the King upon Miss Florence Ellen Addams-Williams, Matron, Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service, in recognition of her special devotion and competency in the nursing of the sick and wounded of his Majesty's Army, and of her highly successful efforts in inaugurating the new nursing system at Netley. His Majesty has also conferred a similar distinction upon Mrs. Marion Jeffreys, in recognition of her services at the action of Bronkhorst Spruit in December, 1880.

Farmers Fight Artillerymen.

Dunree Fort, where a "battle royal" took place last week between a large body of farmers and farm servants and a squad of men belonging to the Royal Garrison Artillery, is (says the *Belfast Telegraph*) situated on the shores of Lough Swilly, quite close to Innishowen, where the Irish "gold mine" was recently located. It is stated the farmers had repeatedly complained that their crops were being devastated by the artillery and other military manœuvres. The farmers were armed with bludgeons, scythes, and other dangerous weapons. The military defended themselves as best they could, but the onslaught was so sudden and desperate that several soldiers were badly injured. One gunner named King was injured so seriously that his depositions were taken in the hospital. It also appears that the district was recently placarded with bills decrying the British Army. Four men have been arrested on suspicion of having been concerned in the affair.



Photo, Topical.

The "Emperor" Lebaudy's Camels Leaving Milan for Paris.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

The Garden Walks.

A reader who has an oblong piece of ground as part of his garden, which he is not inclined to cultivate because of its position, asks my opinion as to how to use to the best advantage. A wall runs all round; on the north and east sides it is highest; lowest on the south; it is surrounded by a border 4ft., 8ft., or 12ft. wide, according to the extent of the ground. The walk is 3½ft wide, but 3ft. will do, and just allow the barrow to pass conveniently. These walks ought to be well made, either of good gravel on a deep bottom of clinkers, ashes, or building rubbish, or of concrete, thus: A layer of stones, brickbats, shells, or clinkers, 6in. deep, to form a dry bottom; a layer of chalk or lime, in proportion of one to ten of the stones, or other foundation, and well rolled and watered, to the thickness of 3in., with a rise of 2in. in the centre; over this ½in. of gravel and lime, of fine chalk; water and roll well again; add ½in. of the best coloured gravel, and again roll until quite solid. Have the walk 2in. wider on each side than you desire—this checks grass and weeds from encroaching, and prevents the rain-water getting to the foundation of the walk. In clay countries burnt clay or "ballast" makes a better walk for the kitchen garden than gravel; in out-of-the-way parts of the garden, as on the frame ground, coal-ashes serve the purpose well if laid on a bottom of at least 6in. of hard stuff, such as brickbats, broken crockery, &c.

Miraculous Potato.

Mr. Luther Burbank is now perfecting a potato which he says will rival anything the world knows in that line, not even excepting the famous Burbank. Mr. Burbank, who is well termed the "Wizard of Horticulture," has won many triumphs, including the Star Flower of Australia, a thornless cactus, a stoneless plum, and a pear-tree that yields two crops yearly. He has given a pineapple flavour to the quince, and evolved a thornless raspberry. The "Burbank grasses" are famous. He gave up workshop life when eighteen years old, and took to farming in New England. At the age of twenty-six the "Burbank potato" was known everywhere, and its returns enabled him to experiment in other directions. In December last the Carnegie Institute authorities presented him with £20,000 in aid of his agricultural researches.

Crime in Kent.

The serious crimes committed during the past week or so in Kent suggest that the old Adam is rampant in the garden of England. The fact is, the county is overrun by undesirable aliens who have been down for the strawberry-picking, for the currants, and the raspberries, and are now holding the fort, as it were, pending the ripening of the hops. They sprawl about the sides of the roads during the day, sleeping in the sunshine; when the night comes, they are up and out for prey. The bulk of the pickers have returned to their native Whitechapel, or tramped off begging; but those whose money has gone, and who are too lazy to foot it back to town lie low in the byways to make a more or less easy and profitable livelihood out of the unwary cyclist and pedestrian who rides or walks by night. The Vagrancy Act, apparently, does not apply to the danger-spots on the Kentish byways.

Hampton Court Vine.

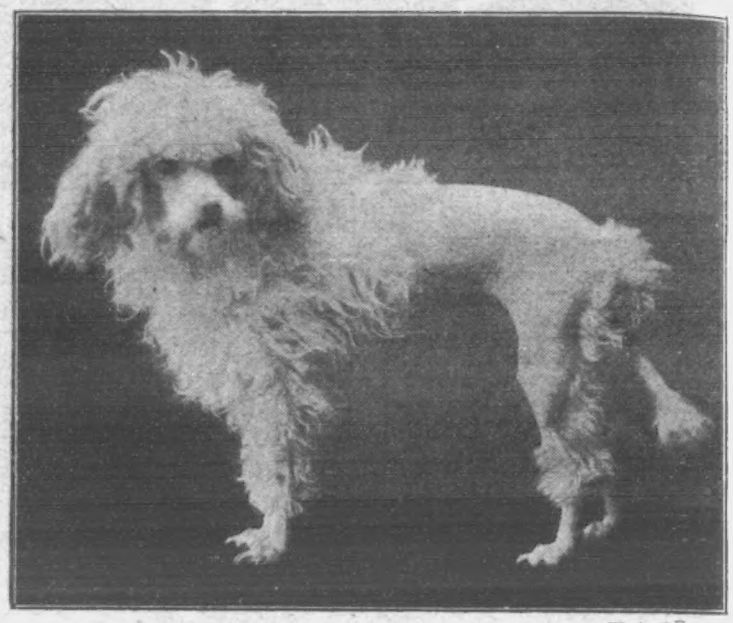
The famous vine at Hampton Court Palace is bearing a crop of some 400 bunches of grapes, most of them of fine quality. The vine, which is one hundred and thirty-seven years old, was taken as a slip from another at Valentines, near Wanstead, Essex. The grapes are sent for use at his Majesty's table, but many bunches of the fruit find their way to hospitals.

Perils of Ant Life.

Like the policeman's in the song, the life of an ant is anything but a happy one. He is likely to have more thrilling adventures in an hour than even the hero of a modern historical novel. If he starts out in the morning in quest of food, he is not unlikely to be caught in a pitfall very cunningly prepared for him by the ant-lion, says the *Booklover's Magazine*. Tiger-beetles lie in ambush for him. Spiders either throw sticky skeins in his path and hoist him into their webs like a bucket of water at the end of a rope, or boldly pounce on him as he wanders on, doing it so successfully, judging from Janet's observations, that their lairs, like the ogre's den in the fairy tale, are littered with many an unpleasant memento of past feasts.

Besides hostile ant-lions and spiders, the ant must run the gauntlet of still more formidable enemies. The ant is a notorious fighter, engaged in more or less constant battle with some member of his family. Taking advantage of his combative spirit, and seizing his opportunity while the ant is absorbed in military tactics, a certain Hymenopter leaps on him and neatly drills a hole in him. The object of this attack is not to kill the ant, but simply to use him as an incubator. In the drilling operation the Hymenopter deftly inserts its eggs in the ant's body, and then hastens away. If the ant proves the victor in his duel he has reason to wish that he had been killed. Soon the eggs are hatched, and the larvæ that emerge develop at the expense of the victim's tissues. Finally the incubator-ant's vitality is so far sapped that it perishes miserably.

Another Hymenopter utilises the ant for a like purpose, but sets about its work of torture less treacherously. The incessant excursions of some species of ants and their habit of travelling in long processions offer this particular foe every opportunity for carrying out his deadly intent. Hovering a few inches above the sand, the Hymenopter picks out a choice, fat, succulent ant, swoops down on him, and carries him off for a short distance. Then he stings the victim, not so as to kill him, but to paralyse his legs. After this skilfully performed surgical operation the ant is borne off to a cell, where he will find about thirty of his fellows in a similar helpless plight. In this miniature Black Hole of Calcutta the Hymenopter lays an egg and glues it carefully on the mass of ants. The larvæ, involuntarily hatched, feed on the ants, and spin cocoons about their dead bodies. Even if he escaped all these perils, the ant has still other dangers to avoid. The torpor occasioned by nocturnal cold places him at the mercy of some ant-eating insects. It happens that the enemy is so nearly like its prey in colour and form that it boldly enters the nests of ants, and there conceals itself. Four-footed ant-eaters, wood-peckers, pheasants, and toads add their wiles to those of the foes already mentioned. And yet, despite the death that lurks everywhere, in many guises, every ant-hill is a-swarm with life.



Photo, Burnett.

A GRIFFON DOG, bred by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. These dogs are very difficult to rear.

£200,000 for a Farm.

The story of the recent remarkable boom in sheep farms in Santiago, Chile, is told by the British Consul-General in his annual report. During the boom almost anything in the shape of a farm with sheep and fences could be sold at a very handsome profit. One British-owned farm changed hands at the high figure of £200,000. Formerly the greater part of the land was held by British sheep farmers on lease or yearly tenancy: now by far the greater part of the land has been bought by large Chilian companies, who in many cases employ British managers.

Royal Show's Failure.

There is no disguising the fact that the Royal Agricultural Society's Show this year has proved a dismal failure. Amongst the whole of the exhibits there was scarcely one which had the least degree of merit as a popular attraction, while those which were interesting were in no way the outcome of official enterprise. Not only should features be introduced into the show of an entirely popular description, but the exhibits proper should be, and could easily be made, far more attractive alike to the farmer and the general public than they are at present. Why were the companies not invited to give exhibitions of ploughing, for instance, to enable them to give a practical demonstration of what they can do?—*Magazine of Commerce.*

A SCHOOLBOY HERO: RESCUE FROM A LIVE RAIL: Liverpool possesses in Edward Rudd, a schoolboy of thirteen, a hero who, in the effort to save life, braved the dangers of a live electric rail. While returning from the Freshfield shore, by way of the Formby golf course, he saw a nine-year-old boy, named Partington, jammed between the electric live rail and the running rail of the Southport line. Covering his hand with his cap, which was unfortunately wet, he tried to lift the boy. The electric current passed through his wet cap, however, and hurled him back several yards. Rudd then tore off his coat, threw it over Partington, and shouted for assistance to another boy of his own age named Smith. Smith, who ran to the rescue, tripped up, however, and became fixed to the live rail himself. A fourth boy, Thomas Hasitt, aged fourteen, then joined in the rescue, and he and Rudd lifted Smith from the line. Just then a whistle announced the approach of a train, and they had only just succeeded in carrying Partington to a place of safety, when the train dashed over the place where the boys had been lying.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

During the early part of this week the Australians had an easy time at Cardiff, their opponents being South Wales. They have a sterner job on hand in their match with Middlesex, who are not able to command their famous August amateurs, but taken altogether their work directly preliminary to the last of the "test" matches has not been particularly arduous. At the time of writing I had not heard the English team, but I was informed by one who should know that the eleven for the Oval will not materially differ from that which did duty at Manchester. In which case there is no reason to fear the result; unless, indeed, Darling wins the toss in good weather, and a change in the conditions militates against England.

Photo, Rouch.

ARMY SPORTS AT ALDERSHOT: Tent-pegging for officers. Won by Lieut. H. G. Gandy, R.E.

Quite one of the features of the cricket last week was the success of the Australian fast bowler, Cotter. The latter came here with a great reputation, and it must not be forgotten that he caused a wholesome respect amongst our men in the test matches down under. Playing against Worcestershire he had the splendid record of twelve wickets for only 34 runs. Seven of them were captured in the first innings for only 15 runs, and the other five for 19 at the second attempt. Despite his fine effort rain had so curtailed play that a finish was not possible and the match was drawn.

Victor Trumper and Noble both scored centuries, the first-named making 110 and the latter 113. Armstrong also batted well for 55. There was only one innings worth even passing mention on the Worcestershire side, that being 31 by R. E. Foster, and, taken altogether, the side gave a sorry display.

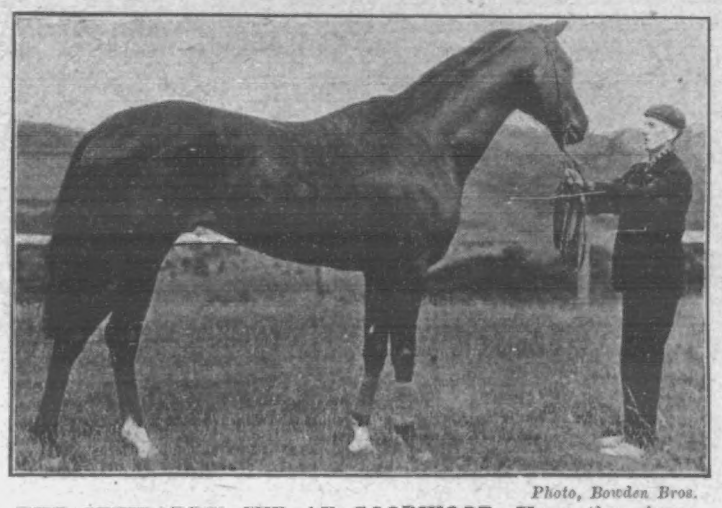
It was really refreshing to see "Sammy" Woods playing with his old skill and power for Somerset against Sussex at Bath. The old Rugby international hit very hard, and very often, and in his particularly bright innings he sent the ball out of the ground three times. However, though at the finish Somerset had the best of matters as regarded scoring, having made 289 for nine wickets against 141, the match had been so seriously impeded on the first two days that it had to be left unfinished.

One of the best things done last week was that accomplished by Kent on the pretty Beckenham ground. The opponents of the hop county were Surrey, who suffered a very bad beating by ten wickets. Blythe, the slow left-hander, bowled very finely for the winners, taking twelve wickets for 110 runs during the match. Humphreys batted well for 73 in Kent's first innings, and in the second S. H. Day was seen to advantage with 49 not out.

One of the best innings I have seen this season was that played by Tarrant on behalf of Middlesex at Leyton last Saturday. Some of the spectators sitting near me in the pavilion seats were audibly expressing their opinion that his batting was too slow; but what a grand effort it was on behalf of his side! If men played more for their side than for themselves there would certainly be more interest in cricket. The ex-Australian made 162 not out in magnificent style, and it was almost solely due to him that Essex were robbed of victory. Middlesex had had to follow on 151 in arrears, but James Douglas and Tarrant laid the foundation of the draw which eventually resulted. Jack Hearne, too, batted very finely for 56 not out.

Photo, Park.

Doggett's Coat and Badge Race: Silvester (of Hammersmith), who won the race last week after an exciting struggle.



Photo, Bowden Bros.

THE STEWARDS' CUP AT GOODWOOD: Xeny, the winner, who started at 25 to 1 and won easily by a length and a half from Thrush and Polymelus.

last month, and would probably have made a better show, but that he tried to hold the late champion in the first mile.

There was the usual array of Bank Holiday meetings, far too many for me to notice with the space I have at command. One of the best was that of time-honoured Horsham, the home of Alfred Shrubb. The South London Harrier was a competitor, as was only to be expected, and he and A. Aldridge fought one of their old time battles over again.

The distance was five miles—more suited to Shrubb than his rival, and he had no difficulty in beating the Highgate Harrier, who was a lap and 100 yards to the bad at the finish. The time was 24min. 51⅕secs.—3⅗secs. better than his own grass record. It may be of interest to learn that Shrubb leaves England for Canada and the States in ten days for an athletic tour.

SWIMMING.

B. B. Kieran produced some of his best Australian form when he defeated had been previously beaten by Billington in two amateur championships, it came as a surprise to see the Bacup man so decisively defeated last Saturday. But the change is all in the best interests of swimming.

FOOTBALL.

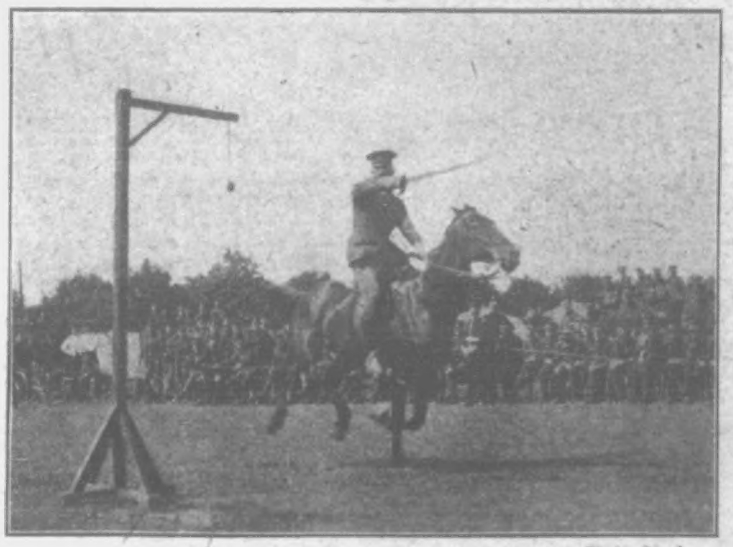
The heavy punishment meted out to certain professionals last week shows that the Football Association are determined to keep down malpractices with a firm hand. W. Meredith, perhaps the finest forward living, is suspended for the whole of the coming season owing to an alleged attempt to bribe Leake, of Aston Villa, to lose a match. Meredith himself strongly denies the charge, and it is stated that he does not intend to let the matter rest. But I fail to see how he will do any good in attempting to fight the Association—that is, if the assertion that he is going to do so is actual fact. Other suspensions in connection with the same match were passed on Mr. R. Johns, the referee, and A. Turnbull, of Manchester City, who must be idle, as far as football is concerned, from September 1st to October 1st. With regard to the trouble over the Manchester City *v.* Everton game, Mr. J. Howcroft, the referee, Mr. F. Birtwistle, the linesman, and T. Booth, of Everton, were suspended from September 1st to October 1st, while the players on both sides were cautioned.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

SWORD v. LANCE at the 7th Dragoon's Regimental Tournament at Canterbury. Sergt.-Major R. R. Broadley (sword) won.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

At the Norfolk and Norwich sports last Saturday D. F. McNicol, of the Thames Valley Harriers, beat the long distance champion, A. Aldridge, in the three miles level race in the good time of 14mins. 56⅘secs. The winner competed in the four miles championship at Stamford Bridge D. Billington in the salt-water championship last Saturday at Southport. This is his first championship win in England, and though he did not lower the world's record of 5min. 19secs.—made by himself in Australia—he nevertheless beat the British figures by 5secs. Considering that he



Photo, Rouch.

ARMY SPORTS AT ALDERSHOT: Lieut. D. R. Holderness, 5th Lancers, winner of the Lemon-cutting Competition for officers.

A Free Gift for all our Readers

We have already on many occasions explained the virtues of "Antexema," and the reasons why it should invariably be used by those who value the health of their skin. No one need go about with pimples or spots on the face, because "Antexema" will remove all skin blemishes, and the regular use of "Antexema Soap" will enable every man, woman, and child to keep their skin in perfect health. We are glad to find that so many of our readers have taken our advice, and we now have a very pretty, useful, and acceptable present of which we ask their acceptance. Everyone who sends a postal order for sixpence will receive a sixpenny tablet of "Antexema Soap," but it will be enclosed in a handsome tortoise-shell box decorated with gold, which will be exceedingly useful as a case for your tablet of "Antexema Soap" when you are travelling, and we advise that early application be made for this charming little gift, further particulars in regard to which are given at foot.

WHEN YOU ARE TRAVELLING.

If you are going away on holiday it is a good thing to carry your own soap with you, because there is so much inferior soap about, and its use will be injurious to your skin. It may look very nice, be gorgeously scented, and have a high-sounding name, but for all that it may be bad soap, which will work mischief to the skin. When you use "Antexema Soap" you know you are using a scientifically prepared, high-grade soap, and one suitable for the toilet, bath, or nursery, for washing the skin, or shampooing the hair.

"Don't forget to pack it."

WHAT SOAP SHOULD DO.

A perfect soap is one that not only removes impurities from the skin, but also keeps the pores open and clear, so that the skin fulfils its duties properly. If the pores are kept clear and open they will allow the perspiration and natural oil to pass out through them, and the work of the skin as a breathing organ will then be thoroughly performed, and the skin will always look fresh and clear as Nature intended it should. That is what soap should assist in doing, and that is exactly what "Antexema Soap" does. It is a genuine luxury to wash with "Antexema Soap."

THE FRAGRANT FOREST.

Everyone knows how delicious, refreshing, and healthful is the smell of the pines. If you visit Bournemouth you will be taken to see the Invalids' Walk as one of its principal features, and it is because of the fragrance and healing virtues of the pine-trees that people in innumerable cases are recommended to Bournemouth and other similar health resorts. "Antexema Soap" gives you the delicious and healing scent of the pines, and you could not possibly have a more delightful soap either for the bath, toilet, nursery, or a shampoo. It is a real delight to wash either the face, hands, head, or body with "Antexema Soap," as it purifies the skin, makes the flesh firm and glowing, and renders the hair soft, silky, and glossy.

A BATH THAT REFRESHES.

However refreshing a bath is when ordinary soap is used, its enjoyment is enormously increased if you use "Antexema Soap." It opens the pores of the skin, liberates their activities, but it works no chemical change in those delicate juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of the perfect complexion. We are not exaggerating when we say that the use of "Antexema Soap" will save doctors' bills, because the proper care of the skin promotes healthy circulation, and helps every function of the body, from the action of the muscles to the digestion of the food. Purity, sweetness, refreshing and delightful cleanliness and the glow of health are the sensations produced by the use of "Antexema Soap," which is as pure as the pines.

It lathers beautifully.

WHY YOU SHOULD USE "ANTEXEMA SOAP."

Because it makes the skin clear, white, and healthy, and prevents pimples, blackheads, and red, rough, oily skin, it should always be used, and it is also the best preventative and healthiest cleanser, emollient and antiseptic, non-poisonous and safe.

Always use "Antexema Soap," which is supplied by all Chemists and Drug Stores at 6d. per tablet, or in boxes containing three tablets for 1s. 6d. The 6d. tablet, enclosed in the tortoise-shell box decorated with gold, will be sent to any address in the U.K. in return for a sixpenny postal order, if the *Penny Illustrated Paper* is mentioned and you write to "Antexema," 83 Castle Road, London, N.W.

VILLAGE ON FIRE: Castlethorpe, a pretty old-world village in North Buckinghamshire, was recently the scene of a disastrous fire, which resulted in the destruction of thirteen houses and numerous out-buildings. Nearly all the men of the village were away at the time. It was a panic-stricken crowd of women who at first attempted to deal with the flames. As they leapt from cottage to cottage, with frantic haste the women and children strove to save their furniture. Soon the streets surrounding the fire area were strewn with household goods.

A FOUNDLING AND A FORTUNE: BABY DESERTION BY MOTOR: A smart motor-car with a young man and a pretty woman in it drove up to a tiny fishing village on the Brittany coast, says the "Daily Telegraph," and stopped at a roadmender's cottage. The young man sprang out with a large bundle, left it in the house, jumped into the car again, and drove off rapidly in the direction of Brest. The roadmender's wife, on reaching home, opened the bundle and found therein a healthy baby about eight days old. Undressing the baby she found £2,000 in banknotes pinned to its clothes, but not the least indication as to its identity.

MAYOR DRUBBED WITH BIRCH-BROOMS: The town of St. Jacques, near Verdun, was the scene of intense excitement last week owing to an oversight on the part of the mayor. Punctually at noon the town-crier appeared in the market square, and amid the rolling of a drum announced that the Minister of War had ordered the mobilisation of the army, and that all reservists were to join their regiments within twenty-four hours. Subsequently he found that he had made a mistake in the reading of the order. The happy discovery speedily turned the consternation into rejoicing, in the midst of which the town-crier, who had been the innocent cause of the temporary distress, was given a ducking in the horse-pond, while the too-festive mayor was seized by four stalwart dames, who, amid the laughter of the assembled townsmen, gave him a sound drubbing with birch-brooms until he cried for mercy.

TERRORISED BY EAGLES: BOY'S DESPERATE FIGHT FOR LIFE.—A story of the raids of three great eagles comes from Muhlebach, canton of Valais (Switzerland). These birds of prey have made several attacks on cattle, and lately even on persons. Finally they attacked a little girl who happened to be alone on the mountains. The eagles have now become the terror of the country, and hunters are everywhere on the look-out. A similar combat between a boy and a couple of eagles is reported. The lad, wounded on cheek and hand, contrived to drive the eagles against the cliff. As they made a third attack, the boy drove his pocket-knife into the eye of one of the birds, when, with loud cries, they returned swiftly to the mountains.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

How to Send a Wedding Gift.

It is a golden rule that the gift should be sent early, for thus it will receive more attention and be far more appreciated than if presents have been arriving hourly for many days past.

By adhering to this rule you will avoid hearing that "your feather fan is lovely, and the third received."

Dispatch your present, if possible, a month or three weeks before the wedding, and with it enclose your visiting card, which will be placed on it at the show of presents on the wedding day.

Address the present to the bride-elect, if you are intimate with both the *fiancees*. If you are better acquainted with the bridegroom, send the parcel to her house—where, of course, the wedding will take place—but address it to him.

In the choice of a present, consider the circumstances of the young people. If they are not going to be very well off, it will be kind to give them something really useful. As nowadays so much artistic taste is shown in the appointments of our homes, that ought not to be a difficult matter.

If the newly-married couple are going off to India, China, or other foreign lands, take care that your gift be suitable for use wherever they be living, and not too cumbrous to be easily packed.

When you think that the happy pair will be the recipients of a very large number of presents, choose something that is either unique or else of a kind which will be useful, though there may be duplicates of it, as, for instance, silver bonbon dishes for the table, or china or bronze ornaments.

The Education of Young Girls.

Do not let young girls lose their illusions, but at the same time see that they never become dreamers. A woman must be matter-of-fact, or, if you prefer, not romantic, so that she may never seek the impossible and ask or expect of life what it cannot offer to her. Imagination and exaltation are the enemies of women, and you should avoid supplying girls with plays, books, or anything which can feed them.

Your daughter should have many girl friends, but none intimate—no bosom friend to whom she can confide her secrets in mysterious conversations. Her mother should be her only bosom friend.

Idleness and ennui can answer for nine-tenths at least of the misfortunes which befall women, girls especially. Your daughter should be constantly busy. However rich you may be, she should be taught how to make her living in case any disaster should happen in her family.

If she has talent for art, she should be a good pianist or singer, or able to draw sufficiently well to illustrate books; if she has literary taste she should know how to write well an impression she has received, an incident she has witnessed, a landscape she has admired.

She should know stenography and typewriting and be a good letter writer. She should be a good dressmaker, and know how to keep a house with order and economy at sixteen. She should be taught how to purchase intelligently, how to know good and lasting materials from rubbish.

She should learn the proper use of money by having so much money every month for her own use. She should be taught to invariably pay cash down for all she buys, and never on any account be allowed to run into debt—not for one shilling even.

She should be taught gently but firmly, that whatever her parents' position may be, she cannot have all she takes a fancy to. From the beginning she should be led to see how pleasant it is to possess a little more, just a little more, than you need.

Economy is not niggardliness; good order is not avarice. If you see that under your guidance she spends her money sensibly; if, especially, you discover that, without telling you of it, she gives something to the poor, increase her allowance every year.

When that girl marries she will be a most useful wife. If her husband is rich she will spend money discreetly and well; if a misfortune happens to him she will be the very woman he wants to help him repair his losses and soon recover his former position.

Teach her discretion, consideration, and the love of her own sex. In her presence always take the defence of women, and never allow a woman to be slandered before her without imposing silence to the slanderer.

Such are, among others, my ideas on the subject of the education of a young girl.

Photo, Lallie Charles.

The Latest Portrait of the Marchioness of Anglesey.

A Desirable Reform.

In Finland, where "woman's rights" are much to the fore, the advocates of the equality of the sexes have insisted on the suppression of such titles as Miss and Madam, as demonstrating the inferiority of woman.

Over-dressed Children.

If you have money, dress your children well; but if you do not wish them to be regarded with dislike and contempt, teach them to forget that they are wearing fine clothes.

Carefully impress on them that to make comparisons between their own garments and those of children less richly clad is to stamp themselves as ill-bred. Girls are worse than boys in this respect.

Some Garter Superstitions.

Nowadays garters are very generally ousted from favour by the more hygienic suspenders, but many superstitions about them still survive. Here are a few:

The marriage of a bride who wears any but white garters on her wedding-day will have an unhappy ending.

The girl who wears her garters below the knee will early lose her beauty.

To put on the left garter before the right on dressing in the morning will bring bad luck all day.

Gold garter-buckles are "lucky," and silver ones the reverse

The luckiest colours for garters are white, blue, and black. The wearer of yellow garters will lose a friend within a year.

If a garter breaks in church the wearer's marriage will be happy, but if the accident happens at a dance, it is a sign that the wearer's sweetheart is faithless to her.

The Fussy Woman.

As a rule, a fussy woman is short of stature and small of bulk, the latter fact being accounted for by her eternal fussing, which necessarily, owing to its restlessness, prevents any inroads of adipose tissue. She is also generally lean of visage and is possessed of a thin, highly-pitched voice, which jangles after the fashion of a flimsy metal chain.

Meeting you in the street, the fussy woman clasps your hand, while her quick brain instantly suggests items over which she may fuss. You are standing too near the edge of the kerb to be safe, you are too thinly clad to ensure against cold, or, if the mood take her, your bonnet is too exquisitely ravishing for words. Where did you get it, would one of similar fashion suit her, and the like! You don't need to say much, and if you fall in with her mood and acquiesce in all she suggests, she will bid you farewell perfectly happy, and, passing on to the next acquaintance, forget your very existence.

With her men friends she is scarcely less boring, suggesting the addition of a silk handkerchief for the neck of one, thicker gloves for the hand of another, a crimson tie for yet a third, while number four is startled out of his five senses by being pressed to call on Sunday afernoon because she knows he must be so lonely in lodgings away from home.

If he be weak enough to accept the invitation, he has a delightful visit. His fussy hostess making a point of "amusing" him by showing him all the photos of herself, her relatives and ancestry! Probably these mementoes include photos of her old home, its gardens and surroundings, every nook and corner of each visible in the picture being duly described, with every attendant memory they recall detailed.

Tales of a woman's youth bore the mere man, after their heroine has crossed the rubicon of five and twenty, and though forced to listen for the once he never repeats the visit, and on future occasions, when he sees his fussy friend approaching, he seeks the shelter of the nearest doorway, or, if needs be, takes to precipitate flight rather than face the ordeal of an interview.

For a brief while very youthful femininity adores the fussy woman. She never makes the blushing *ingénue* conscious of her years, nor throws sarcastic remarks broadcast about the follies of youth. Instead she fumes and fusses over every girl she knows, dictates the latest style, suggests alterations in every garment, and lays down a million rules on social convention. But all this is done so fussily and with such a well-assumed attitude of devotion, that the girl really imagines herself to be a person of great importance to inspire such interest in the bosom of her friend.

Photo, Langfier.

MISS GWLADYS WILSON, who was married last week to Mr. Eric Chaplin.

Fish Rolls.

Take one pound of any raw white fish, free of skin and bone, and pound it in a mortar with two tablespoonfuls of butter and two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs. When reduced to a paste, add two well-beaten eggs, half a teaspoonful of anchovy essence, salt and cayenne to taste. Blend all thoroughly, and make into rolls the size of an egg. Brush over with egg and dip twice into vermicelli broken fine, and fry a golden brown. Serve on a d'oyley, garnished with fried parsley and slices of lemon.

Iced Fruit Salad.

First boil half a pound of white sugar with a little water till you have a thin syrup. Peel some ripe pears and cut in pieces with grapes, strawberries, or any other fruit. Pour the boiling syrup over the fruit, add to it half an ounce of peeled pistachia nuts and half an ounce of sweet almonds, both coarsely chopped. When the salad is cold, add two tablespoonfuls of maraschino, and place in ice till just on freezing point. Serve in small glass cuscard cups with a little whipped cream on each.

Pearl Barley Cream Soup.

Simmer a teacupful of pearl barley in stock with an onion, a stick of celery, a carrot, and half a turnip, for two hours. Remove the carrot, and stew the rest till reduced to pulp. Then rub through a hair sieve, adding as much stock as will dilute it to the consistency of thick cream. Bring it to the boil and lift the pot off the stove at once. Stir in the beaten yolk of an egg in a little milk. Scatter chopped parsley over and serve. This soup may be varied by the addition of slices of tomato added to the other ingredients.

Three Savoury Dishes.

Devilled Sardines.—Fillet some sardines and lay them on fried croutons. Season each with cayenne pepper and lemon juice. Put a piece of butter on each, make very hot and serve.

Devilled Almonds.—Blanch half-a-pound of Jordan almonds, throw them into cold water, and then dry thoroughly in a clean cloth. Put the almonds into a frying-pan in which two ounces of butter are frizzling, fry until a golden brown, drain on a sieve in front of the fire sprinkle with cayenne and salt, and serve hot.

Devilled Oysters.—For two dozen cooking oysters put one ounce of butter in a pan; when it is dissolved add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and half a teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley, drain the oysters and cook carefully till they are plump and the gills a little frilled. Season highly with cayenne and salt and serve on croutons of toast. Pour the reduced liquor over, and serve at once.

Bright Tiles.

If a tablespoonful of paraffin be added to the pail of hot water used for washing tiles, it will both cleanse and brighten them.

When Trying on New Shoes

Do so at the latter part of the day. The feet are then at their maximum size. Summer footgear should be fully roomy, for the heat is apt to make the feet swell, and tight shoes are the cause of much suffering.

When Hanging Pictures

People often spoil their walls by driving in nails haphazard, only to find the nails bend because they are being hammered against bricks. The right method is to pearce the wall with a darning needle to find the crevice between the bricks, and then to drive in the nail.

A Good Brass Polish

Is easily made for less than the manufactured article. Put an ounce each of powdered rottenstone, soft soap, and ammonia into a jug. Pour on a pint of boiling water, and mix thoroughly. Bottle when cold, and keep tightly corked. Some people vary this recipe by using lemon juice instead of ammonia.

When Buying Writing Paper.

If you have your address stamped on your note-paper, remember when ordering a supply to buy also a few quires of the same paper to use unstamped. When writing a friendly letter you will often need more than one sheet, and the address on the second is not merely unnecessary but is quite a blemish, and your unstamped paper will both save the repetition and also effect a slight economy.

Pretty Washstand Mats.

Very pretty and inexpensive washstand mats can be made from coloured American cloth with a deep crochet border. This can be either white or a colour harmonising with the room decorations; I have also seen pretty ones made from squares of coloured bath towelling and canvas with a deep scalloped bordering. All these mats are easily washed and (if the washstand be a wooden one) prevent the almost unavoidable marks made by the basin. By the bye, the latest "thing" in splashers, is an art linen splasher hanging from a small rod above the washstand. This has flights of coloured linen butterflies of different sizes, appliquéd to the foundation with tiny black silk buttonhole stitch, the markings of wings and antennæ being shown by fine lines of marking ink put in with the finest of map pens. The whole is easily washed, and with a judicious arrangement of colour is most effective.

WOMAN AND HER CRITICS

A Great Shame.

On all sides we see girls who have nothing to recommend them, not even looks, having the best of times, while some of the nicest and prettiest are left out in the cold.—*Ladies' Field.*

Woman's Good Losses.

That woman has lost the art of tears, screams, and swoonings is one of the blessings which we are apt to overlook in this age of common-sense, tearless, shriekless femininity.—*Lady's Pictorial.*

"Shop" at Dinner.

How many families there are in England in which nothing is heard round the dinner-table but chatter on cricket and football averages, or the "kill" with rod or gun. The mother is often to be seen painfully acquiring these wearisome statistics, which she does to please the young people. But she makes a great mistake, for leaving out of consideration the stranger within her gates, to whom all this can afford but poor entertainment, the mother should be hostess at her own table, and can make the talk gay and interesting if she will take the trouble and keep the schoolboy shop within reasonable limits. Boys and girls, brought up never to hear anything else, cease to be able to talk rationally on any subject, and the disability continues into mature life.—Ethel B. Harrison.

The Ignorant English Housewife.

"To-day the English lady is the worst housekeeper in the world. Two hundred years ago she was the best." This is the essence of a striking indictment of modern women by Mrs. Huth Jackson in an article on housekeeping and national well-being in this month's issue of the *Nineteenth Century*. To the decay of the domestic virtues the writer attributes almost entirely the deterioration of the people. "We find the same narrow-chested, toothless, pale, anæmic boys and girls in the beautiful country districts, where the cottages are all that is to be desired," she says, "as in the most crowded slums of London. So the overcrowding cannot be the only source of mischief. The real cause of the deterioration of the population lies almost solely in the fact that our women know nothing about the duties which nature intends them to perform. There is but one way to improve the physique of the children of the nation, and that is to teach the women all the old domestic duties which were the pride and joy of their grandmothers—to teach them to bake, to sew, to cook, and, above all, how to treat a baby. This could very easily be done if the well-to-do women were willing to teach them; but how many of the women of the middle and upper classes do know any of these things? And is it fair to expect the lower classes to be thrifty housewives and wise mothers when we, who are so much better educated, better matured, and better housed, are so many of us such a dismal failure? Women," says Mrs. Jackson, "have just enough education to despise domestic work. The greater part of their food, as well as their clothes, is bought ready-made, and their one idea with regard to their children is to get them off their hands as soon as possible. The average mother has absolutely no knowledge of discipline, and she cannot teach her children the simplest lessons of cleanliness and hygiene, because she does not know them herself. The really 'good' woman who attends philanthropic and political meetings, or frequents studios and concerts when she ought to be minding her own domestic duties," continues Mrs. Jackson, "is doing just as much mischief as the woman who plays bridge all the evening and half the afternoon. What then is the solution of this particular problem? It is surely this: Teach the women of England that to look after their houses and their children is not bourgeois, is not a sign of mental inferiority, but the fulfilment of their destiny, and that until this end is accomplished they have no right to devote themselves to society or philanthropy, or athletics, or sport, or literature, or art. It is quite possible to be pretty and charming and well-informed without in the least neglecting home duties. Frenchwomen manage to combine the two *rôles*; they are the most attractive women in the world, and they are excellent housekeepers. German women—though they sin against the artistic side of life—are extraordinarily well-informed, and yet they, too, are good housekeepers."

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

Owing to the retirement of Miss Ida Reno from the cast of "The Blue Moon," which is now being rehearsed at the Lyric Theatre, Mr. Robert Courtneidge has engaged Miss Florence Smithson, a young artist who is said to possess a beautiful voice, and was originally intended to appear in the London production of the piece. Among recent additions to the lyrics by Mr. Paul Rubens is a song for Mr. Courtice Pounds, "My High Top G," this clever actor playing the part of a major who is a musical enthusiast. Mr. Walter Passmore has also been provided by Mr. Rubens with a comical ditty about "Mother."

An examination of the amounts realised at the recent sale of Mrs. Brown-Potter's jewels shows that the actress's popularity had much to do with the high prices gained, and the discomfiture of the dealers. In fact, out of the total amount realised by the day's sale of jewels and other property—namely, £4,806 6s. 4d.—only £1,373 11s. represented dealers' purchases, the balance being bids by private persons. The unexpectedly high total realised by the jewels is shown by the fact that they were valued for reserve purposes at £1,280 10s., whereas they actually realised £1,516 18s. under the hammer. One of the leading "vaudeville" managers of the United States has offered Mrs. Brown-Potter a salary of £400 weekly to appear at his theatres.

Miss Fanny Brough, at the Theatre Royal, Bournemouth, last week successfully produced "An Angel Unawares," a comedy by Mr. Robert Vernon Harcourt. Miss Brough was supported by Miss June van Buskirk, a well-known American actress, Mr. James Carew, Mr. Charles Maude, Mr. Douglas Gordon, and Mr. Yorke Stephens.

Mr. R. G. Knowles, the famous patter song artist, has made his last appearance on the music-hall stage at the Empire Theatre, Liverpool. He is retiring from the halls partly because he is disgusted with what he terms the low-grade character of the music-hall entertainment and the audiences, and partly because he has an ambition to be his own master. "I have decided," he said, "to be a free man, and I shall open at Lowestoft as a conversationalist. My conversations will consist of descriptive verbal sketches of scenes I have visited, illustrated by the cinematograph. I shall relate anecdotes about men, cities, and events, and sing patter songs, with pianoforte accompaniment by Mrs. Knowles." In a few weeks' time Mr. Knowles intends to begin his third tour round the world.

"Jumbo Junior," the tiny elephant from the Royal Italian Circus, accepted the invitation of some fair Americans to dine at the famous "Cheshire Cheese," in Wine Office Court last week, to dispense the historic pudding from Dr. Johnson's chair. At the conclusion of the dinner, Jumbo Junior favoured the company with a selection of favourite airs on the mouth-organ.

Miss Madge Lessing is appearing as a bewitching colleen at the Coliseum in a song scena entitled "My Irish Molly, O!" She also dances, and sings a rollicking rag-time chorus, "My Poppy Belle," accompanied by a bevy of beauties in poppy costumes. Mr. Eugene Stratton sings "I may be crazy, but I love you," and gives a brisk step-dance which rouses the audience to enthusiasm. Another new number which meets with striking success is a farcical sketch, "Mashing the Missus," in which little Mr. Horace Mills created much mirth. Several alterations have been made in the mid-day and the six o'clock programmes at the Coliseum. Mrs. Brown-Potter and Mr. Gilbert Hare, in "I Pagliacci," have been transferred to these programmes, and Miss Carlotta Levey appears in a dramatic gambling scene, in which she sings her famous song, "The Gambling Man." Many new numbers are also announced.

"What the Butler Saw," the new play by Judge Parry and Mr. Frederick Mouillot, produced last week at Wyndham's Theatre, is described on the programme as a "farcical problem"—certainly a cryptic title, seeing that the audience is left in no doubt whatever as to what the butler did see. Sir Charles Foden is an impecunious baronet, who has been for some time a London cab-driver, and who, after succeeding to the title, is obliged to turn the family seat into a hydropathic establishment in order to pay expenses.

Photo, Whitlock, Birmingham.

A CHARMING PORTRAIT OF MISS DAISY JEROME.

Photo, Campbell-Gray.

MR. AKERMANN MAY and MISS LINDLEY in "La Reve" at the Alhambra.

Among his visitors is one Jack Barrington, a dashing, Charles Leverish Irishman, who makes love to all the ladies, and is beloved by them all in return. Barrington has forgotten to mention the fact that he is married, and when his wife arrives from America he persuades her to pass as his sister-in-law. Foden's aunt, from whom he has expectations, also comes to visit her nephew, in complete ignorance of the hydro arrangement.

From these premises the experienced playgoer will find little difficulty in working out the intrigue. The men at Foden Wells find Mrs. Barrington quite as fascinating as the ladies find her husband, which naturally irritates that gentleman. He determines to go to her room after the lights are out, and persuade her to drop the whole business. By the inevitable stage mistake he goes to the austere Miss Foden's room, and is bitten by her parrot, and that is what was seen by the butler, a cockney youth who had been a friend of Foden's in the cabman days. Of course, after some excitement, everything ends satisfactorily. There is some humour in the characterisation of Foden's conventional guests—the rich Jew, the testy general, and so on—though it was difficult to understand why the lady with a strong cockney accent had a child who spoke American.

Judge Parry's reputation for wit was to an extent justified by a neatness in the dialogue that is uncommon in farcical comedy. "Every Irishman ought to be Prime Minister, but that is the sort of soft job a Scotsman always tumbles into," was perhaps one of the best of the lines. The company on the whole was fairly adequate, Mrs. Mouillot as Mrs. Barrington, Mr. Graham Brown as James, Mr. Frederick Volpé as an old professor, and Miss Minnie Terry as an *ingénue* being particularly good. The first night audience, which included Lord Alverstone, Lord James of Hereford, Sir Edward Clarke, and other well-known legal personages, received the play with considerable enthusiasm.

Mr. Leedham Bantock has written "The White Chrysanthemum" for the Criterion Theatre in conjunction with Mr. Arthur Anderson, who will also be responsible for the lyrics.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason, one of the most popular among the novelists of to-day, has written a new play, a light romantic drama, which Mr. Charles Frohman will produce at the Duke of York's Theatre at the very earliest opportunity. The piece is in four acts; its period is the Peninsular war; it tells what befell some French prisoners who were caught upon our shores; its title is "Margery Strode." Mr. Mason, the author of "The Four Feathers" and other noteworthy novels, has treated his subject in a quaint and humorous fashion.

Twenty-one theatres are now closed in London.

Mr. David Devant, the well-known conjuror and managing partner of "Maskelyne and Devant's Mysteries" at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, tells a funny story of his first introduction to conjuring and second-sight. "The only lesson," says Mr. Devant, "that I ever received was obtained in rather a curious way. I came across a man who was giving conjuring and second-sight performances in a small shop in Islington. The price of admission was a penny, and even then business was not always good. In order to stimulate the curiosity of those who hung about outside the shop door, the conjuror would occasionally emerge from his shop and give a free show on the pavement. His usual plan was to produce money from the whiskers of benevolent old gentlemen, from babies' feeding-bottles; in fact, from any place where money is not usually to be found. The conjuror once made the fatal mistake of producing a half-crown from the pocket of a cabman, who got down from his box to go to the public-house next door. The cabman immediately said that the half-crown found in his pocket by the conjuror was his half-crown. He said that he knew it was his, because he had only taken one half-crown that day, and so he should stick to it. At this time five people were clamouring to pay their fivepence and to go into the show, and therefore the conjuror did not stop to argue the matter with the cabman. I believe that the cabman was subsequently charged with attempting to pass a bad half-crown."

Mr. Wentworth Croke—London's latest theatre manager—like Mr. George Edwardes, thinks the public want a higher class of musical play than the so-called musical comedy. To this end, Mr. Wentworth Croke, in conjunction with Mr. Tom B. Davis, will produce about the end of September, at the Apollo Theatre, a three-act opera *bouffe* entitled "The Gay Lord Vergy," adapted by Mr. Arthur Sturgess and composed by M. Claude Terrasse. The opera was originally played at the Theatre des Variétés, Paris, under the title of "Le Sire de Vergy," and is of the same class as "Veronique," which has proved such a financial and artistic success at the Apollo. Those who have not already seen this charming work, should do so at once, as Mr. George Edwardes must withdraw it shortly to make room for the new piece. In addition to the above enterprise Mr. Wentworth Croke—in association with Mr. E. Ascherberg—is negotiating for a long lease of the Savoy Theatre. Consequently we shall shortly find the Savoy reverting to the class of entertainment so long associated with that house.

THE PROMPTER.

A thrilling tale of the invasion of England by the Germans, aided by an alien rising in London.

THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

By WALTER WOOD.

THE TURNING TIDE.

When so much had been done in the river by Grenville and his brother officers and men little remained for accomplishment by the squadron, which now steamed confidently and with safety up the Thames. The squadron consisted of small cruisers which were yet powerful enough to destroy such batteries as the enemy was known to control ashore, and at the same time probably escape serious damage from any serviceable guns. The squadron was commanded by Rear-Admiral Fraser, an officer who had won great repute as a dashing and resourceful sailor.

There was a significant silence on the banks and a marked absence of the signs which indicate the presence of troops or an armed occupation.

"Surely they've ratted out!" exclaimed the rear-admiral to Grenville. "They've abandoned the attempt to hold the river, and I take it that they have fallen back on London to strengthen their position in the very heart of things. Commanding the railways on both sides of the river, as they did, they could still get their forces from these outlying parts to the neighbourhood of the Bank, where, you say, the great struggle is to come off."

"That is what I gathered from General Denny, sir," said Grenville.

"I am puzzled to know why the enemy should have vanished in such strange fashion," continued Admiral Fraser. "There must be a reason for it. He will have good ground for making such a move as he has made. It almost seems as if he had got information of our coming and meant to concentrate his forces at the spot where he knows a very hard struggle will take place."

"Perhaps our ruse was the cause of it, sir," hazarded Grenville. "We had a couple of useful dupes with us and set them adrift with a scare story.

"This sounds interesting," observed the admiral. "Give me an outline."

He laughed approvingly when Grenville finished—with a generous acknowledgment of Carson's part in the scheme.

"Scatter-brained young colt!" exclaimed the admiral. "But what does that matter so long as your purpose is achieved? Then surely the enemy must have come to the conclusion from what he saw afterwards in the daylight that his mines had sprung under the wrong barges, and that the barges with the troops actually got past him and up the river! Well, if so, it would be a thousand pities to disappoint him. He may not get troops, but he can have plenty of guns, and I can at a crisis land an exceedingly fit and powerful naval brigade."

"There is not a man who is not desperately keen on getting a cut in, sir," said Grenville. "And it is a matter of indifference whether it is by land or sea."

"No, the cut's the thing, I know. Well, there can be little difficulty in the way of landing, once we are up the river as far as the Tower Bridge, because we can cover the landing party with a gun fire that nothing can survive."

The river was again navigated without mishap. The squadron's progress was slow, because of the many obstructions that remained in the river and the fear of blocking the fairway at any point through the mishandling of a ship to the degree of imperilling her safety. But there was not in the squadron an officer or man who was not by this time thoroughly tried in every way. The work, it was true, might be dangerous; but it appeared to have much less risk than that which the ships' companies had been called upon to do since the war began.

When the Tower Bridge was seen in the distance Admiral Fraser sent a launch up the river, with Grenville in it, to communicate again with General Denny and learn what the plan of operations was.

General Denny, meanwhile, had had frequent and earnest consultations with the Cabinet, the Admiralty, and the War Office, and the net result was a decision to make a resolute attempt to drive the enemy out of London altogether with the co-operation of the navy. That co-operation could now be depended upon—for Grenville reported that the squadron would be anchored in the Pool, and the only question was, when and how should the driving forth of the enemy be accomplished?

"There is a natural shrinkng from a wholesale destruction of our own buildings and property," said General Denny; "but that squeamishness has been overcome, and it will be the duty of the ships of war to reduce the whole of the river frontage to a state of helplessness. The enemy is in possession, and it is better that buildings should be lost than lives. If we attack with troops we shall suffer heavily—perhaps fail; but with the crushing effect of a bombardment we are bound to succeed. You wonder, perhaps, why our own artillery do not do, or have not done, the work? That is natural enough. The answer is that most of our guns have been either seized or made useless. They were amongst the first things to receive the unwelcome attentions of the enemy. In one battery alone every gun was ruined by a handful of Germans who, being neutralised aliens, had been received into the army. I hope things are different in the navy."

"The navy, sir, thank God," said Grenville, "is manned by Englishmen, though here and there there is a foreigner of sorts. The navy, at least, has been kept free and clean in that respect."

"What is your gun strength?" asked General Denny.

"Well, sir," said Grenville, "very good, considering that the whole of the half-dozen ships of the squadron are small. They are sister ships of the *Apollo* type, so we have a dozen six-inch guns, thirty-six four-point-sevens, half-a-dozen twelve pounders, and seventy-eight six-pounders, three-pounders, and machine guns."

"Good!" commented the general. "And what about ammunition?"

"We are well supplied," answered Grenville. "Then there are, of course, torpedoes; but they scarcely count. There are eighteen tubes in the squadron, and we can muster altogether two dozen torpedoes. There has been a heavy run on them at sea."

"It all sounds very promising," observed the General. "And I hope that you will not in the navy run up against some of the rude shocks that the country has endured concerning the army—although I am far from suggesting or believing that the fault is with the army. I suppose you ought to seek the origin in politicians. But there—I am bordering on indiscretion, perhaps. If so, it is due to my intense desire that we should get at the heart of things and not shirk or burk the truth. Now here are Admiral Fraser's instructions," he concluded. "You will deliver them to him at once. Again good-bye and good luck!"

Before Grenville had reached the steps of Westminster Pier and was re-embarking in the cutter, the general was assembling his troops for the effort to retake the city and destroy the enemy.

London had been the scene of many appalling fights; but now the afflicted capital was to witness the climax, the crown to the whole of the terrible struggle.

If there had been any British people within view of the Pool they would have beheld a sight which would have given abundant comfort even to their stricken hearts; but all who could fly had flown westward for refuge, and the whole of the Metropolis East of Tower Bridge had been seized by the enemy. Indescribable desolation marked his work. Wherever he had marched he had plundered and slain and destroyed. His last act, on vacating his shore stations and hurrying upon London, to assist in defending what he had treacherously captured, had been to blow up the Tower Bridge, by which he had crossed from the south side of the river to the north, to concentrate with the German and alien army in the neighbourhood of the Bank.

The sight which the inhabitants could not look upon was that presented by the squadron of second-class protected cruisers of 3,600 tons each which were stretching in a line on the surface of the Pool, low-hulled, grey-painted, and cleared for action.

The flagship was nearest to the Tower Bridge, and from her conning-tower the admiral could see how that noble and costly structure had been damaged by the enemy. In two or three minutes the raiders had wrecked the work of eight years, for the two spans had been shattered by explosion, and the twin bascules which formed the centre span, the pair of colossal jaws that opened to allow of the passage of steamers, had been blown up also. By a curious freak these drawbridges had been driven upward, and appeared as if they had been raised as usual. But they were held precariously, and might at any moment fall and crush any ship that ventured through the opening.

Admiral Fraser had received his orders, had read them, and had issued his own to his squadron. It was his ship which fired the opening shot of the bombardment, and almost instantly, as it seemed, the squadron was in action and the crash of the guns reverberated through London, while the sides of the cruisers flashed fire viciously and a thin smoke grew over the river like a white fog. The warehouses and buildings on the river bank and near it had been held by the enemy for some time, and as many of the structures were of stout build and not easy of approach by way of the streets, they proved a formidable enough obstacle to any advance from the West End. For this reason it was especially essential that the bank should be reduced from the river itself, and this the squadron was achieving.

The appearance of the ships was a matter of amazement to the enemy, who were helpless under the furious and incessant firing of the naval guns.

Within an almost incredibly short time of the beginning of the cannonade the river frontage was a mass of ruins, and the defenders of the buildings were hurrying from them to safer places. Their line of retreat was in the direction of the Bank, and there they assembled in such numbers that the whole of the surrounding streets were glutted with troops. The flag of the enemy still floated over the Bank, and the symbol of alien possession was also visible on the flagstaff of the Mansion House.

Simultaneous with the squadron's firing General Denny began his advance from the West towards the East. By this time his troops were refreshed and reinforced. Cavalry had reached the city, not by regiments, but in troops and squadrons, and infantry had dribbled in.

The most amazing energy had been shown in uniting these scattered bodies and forming them into a cohesive whole. In the main this end was accomplished; but there was a bitter fulfilment of the prophecy which had been made in more than one high quarter that in time of peril the military forces of England would not prove equal to the strain upon them.

"Pick out the best and use them—let the rest go," that, in brief, was the advice which had been urged upon the War Office, and it was the best, and the best alone, with which General Denny now sought to turn the tide of battle. Never had there been a finer body of combatant Britishers than that which was moving forward towards the street-packed bodies of the enemy.

"London stands or falls by this encounter, men," the general declared, as the troops were set in motion. "But when I look at you and remember what most of you have done, not only in the last few days in this vast city, but also in Africa, India, and elsewhere in the Empire, I know that you are going, not to defeat, but to a certain and a glorious victory!"

He waved his sword and led a cheer, which rolled towards the East, and mingled with the hollow booming of the squadron's guns.

BACK IN OXFORD STREET.

In that contest for the mastery of London there was a renewal of the desperate and sanguinary fighting which had marked the meetings of the raiders and defenders since the war began. In no previous conflict had there been such stubborn sustained struggles for the mastery, because now, more than ever, each side was fighting for its very life.

The combatants, too, with rare exceptions, had overcome their nervousness and fear, and were mostly veterans in battle experience. The flower of the infantry forces of two great peoples were pitted against each other. They were almost equally matched in numbers, now that there had been concentration of the British forces at Westminster and an assemblage of the enemy in the East; but the tide of battle had turned, and the foresight of the invader had proved faulty. He had made every human calculation, and in the main had calculated rightly; but there were many unforeseen occurrences. He had not reckoned on such a crushing reverse at sea, he had not anticipated the destruction of his mines in the Thames as they had been destroyed, and least of all had he supposed it possible that avenging ships of war could get up the river as the cruiser squadron had done—and accomplish the dangerous task at the crucial moment when his own artillery became inoperative for want of ammunition.

He had been forced into a rifle-to-rifle and hand-to-hand conflict for mastery, and now he was realising the almost certain hopelessness of the attempt which he had made to cripple Britain. He had been deluded by pride, vanity, and big foolish talk into the belief that he was invincible, and only now when the guns of the squadron were wrecking the buildings in and about which he sheltered was he understanding the folly of his doings.

With a precision that was like the work of target practice in time of peace the cruisers set about the task of razing to the ground the buildings nearest to the river bank, on the north side, which is the Tower side. The Tower itself was spared, and the object of the gunners was to clear a way between that stretch of riverside which lies between the London docks and the Monument.

With a high flood tide Admiral Fraser found it possible to get his vessels higher up the river than the Tower Bridge. One by one, slowly, they steamed through the centre span and anchored in that spacious area which is between the Tower Bridge and London Bridge itself; and their guns did not cease to crash until it was signalled that the Bank had been retaken, that the enemy was driven from his stronghold, and that he was seeking safety by withdrawing, not towards the East, from which he had gathered, but by going Westward by way of the great artery of Central London.

It will be remembered that at the contest of the rising the Bank had been treacherously seized by a strong force of the enemy and that the handful of troops who formed its regular guard

Photo, Bowden Bros.

FENCING COMPETITION AT THE LADIES' ARMY AND NAVY CLUB: Miss C. Durand, Miss C. de H. Benest, Miss Irene Ashton, and Mrs. Edwardes.

Photo, Pace.

GOLF CHAMPIONS, with ten open championships between them. Harry Vardon, 1896, 1898, 1899, and 1903. James Braid, 1901, 1905. J. H. Taylor, 1894-1895, 1900. Jack White, 1904.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

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had been massacred, with one or two exceptions.

General Denny had specially directed that when the moment for assault arrived it should be delivered against the Bank itself by the Brigade of Guards, "for," he said, "it is right that those who suffered most at the Bank should have the honour and satisfaction of a stern retaliation." Accordingly, when the advance had been pushed forward as far as the Mansion House part of the City, the Guards directed an overwhelming energy to the re-capture of the national treasure-house.

They stormed the gloomy gaol-like building with relentless valour and the Bank was theirs at last; not a living soul was left of those who had been holding it.

The foreign flag was hauled down, and at the same moment the sister banner, which had drooped from the flagstaff of the Mansion House, was replaced by the Union Jack.

The British troops in the crowded streets, on seeing these symbols of the turning tide, raised a long loud cheer, and there was a waving of hats and helmets on red or rusted bayonets which was like the heaving of a sea.

It was at this stage that Admiral Fraser landed a naval brigade of bluejackets and marines, hurrying them ashore in crowded boats, and the naval brigade, through the wrecked and smoking streets, joined hands with that part of General Denny's infantry who had advanced by way of the Embankment.

From that moment the ultimate result of the war was clearly evident.

The vanquished raiders, driven by British bayonets, were flying in panic and confusion along Holborn towards the West. They had no real knowledge of the direction which they took, for their leaders, the officers who could have directed them, were dead, but it had been wildly stated that the West led to the country, to open spaces, to spots where men could breathe, and where they could at least be in the open and away from the awful streets which were red with blood and glutted with the fallen.

"Harry 'em, my lads!" shouted Grenville.

He led the naval brigade, foremost of the defenders who were now reaping the harvest of revenge, and headed the pursuit until Holborn was left behind and Oxford Street was entered.

The sight of the spot at which Grenville had stood with his bride on that great morning when the trouble first began was reached, and for a moment he almost paused in his terrible task of pursuing and slaying.

There was the very place at which they had stood together; he could almost locate the stones on which they had stationed themselves to watch the unemployed go past, and from which he had presented the sovereign to John Steel.

It all seemed so strange, so unreal, so like a dream, and yet——

Grenville's swift musings were ended by a warning shout from Carson.

"Look out there, men!" roared the Irishman. "Captain Grenville's shot! Make way there!"

Carson dashed up, and his sword clanked to the asphalt of the road as Grenville with a groan threw up his arms and fell backward.

Carson caught the reeling form and broke the fall.

"What is it, old chap?" he asked in a thick voice, in which there was real grief, though war had hardened him, for he had seen many comrades fall.

Grenville did not answer.

"Bear a hand, you men!" said Carson. "Let us get Captain Grenville into this place here."

They took the unconscious fighter into the shattered building and laid him on the floor.

"May I have a look?" said a quiet voice.

"Ah, it's you!" exclaimed Carson. "Look, yes—look indeed, and tell us—tell us the worst!"

It was the surgeon of the flagship who had come up, an officer who had volunteered to land with the naval brigade, and, forgetting that he ranked as a civilian, had joined lustily in the combat.

The surgeon made a short examination, passing his hand lightly over the breast of Grenville's coat.

He gave a little shudder as he held up the hand, which was wet and red.

"Well?" demanded Carson.

"He's shot," said the surgeon laconically.

"Yes, yes, I know," snapped Carson. "But—but—will he live?"

"Ask me something easier," replied the surgeon. "Men don't as a rule when they're hit in that particular spot. It's too near the heart."

"What are we to do?" groaned Carson.

"As for you," said the surgeon, "you can't do any good here, so I think you had better rejoin the brigade. It's fighting its way West."

"I—I don't like to leave him," said Carson. "And it isn't as if the fight weren't a foregone conclusion. It isn't fighting any longer—it's butchery."

"Annihilation!" corrected the surgeon. "What else would you have? Would you stay your hand just at the crucial moment? Would you let a snake you scotched crawl away and pull itself together for another go at you? *I* wouldn't! But come—you clear out, and I'll stay. I'm only a civilian, you know, and the fighting line can spare me."

Carson hesitated only a moment, then, with a mingled sob and sigh, for he was an emotional Irishman and a devoted friend of Grenville, he dashed furiously into the street.

"Hello!" growled a soldier with whom he collided. "Hello!" said the soldier again, and Carson recognised Steel, almost unrecognisable in the sweat and grime—and worse—of battle.

"Come on!" said Carson recklessly.

"Where's Captain Grenville?" demanded Steel almost disrespectfully.

"In there," answered Carson, turning his head for an instant. "Just slip in and take a look. I'm afraid it'll be your last."

With a heavy heart and a dulled brain Steel entered the wrecked shop. He saw one man, with his coat off, bending down and over another man whose coat was opened at the breast.

"What do you want?" demanded the surgeon, looking up.

"To bear a hand, if I can," answered Steel. "This is Captain Grenville, who's been a very good friend to me. And it's like the queerness of things as they're worked in this world that he should be struck down on the very spot where he did one of the friendliest acts of his life—and that was to a starving and desperate man—myself."

He was silent for awhile, then his eyes asked the question which he dare not put into words.

"There's only one chance," the surgeon announced, "and that is to get him into some place where he can have every human attention."

"I know that place, sir," said Steel.

"Where is it?" asked the surgeon, rising to his feet.

"Where his wife is—or rather, his bride, sir. And that's a good mile from here."

The surgeon sighed. "Then I'm afraid——" he began.

"Look here, sir," interrupted Steel. "Suppose I make a dash for it, and if he can't go to his bride, fetch her to him?"

"If you can do it, try," said the surgeon dubiously. "You'll never land—or if you do, you'll never get back."

"Won't I, though?" exclaimed Steel. "I've done harder things in this tough fightin', an' that isn't boastin'. I'll fetch her—or I'll die in tryin'!"

(To be continued.)

Great Finger-Print Competition.

First Prize, £5; Six Gramophones.

Below you will find the eighth set of finger-prints. What you have to do is to study carefully the minute lines in the impressions, and see if you can discover that the same finger imprint is used twice or more times during the course of the competition.

As you will see, each of the impressions is numbered. When you think you can couple up two or more of them, cut them out and pin them together, and keep them safely till we tell you what to do with them.

In all some 72 impressions will appear; your task is to couple up as many of these impressions as possible, the winner of the first prize being the reader who succeeds in coupling up correctly the largest number of impressions. The remaining prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

In the event of a tie the prizes will be awarded at the Editor's discretion.

It must be distinctly understood that the couples will not always appear together in the same week's set of impressions; that is to say, that finger-print No. 1 may possibly be the exact counterpart of finger-print No. 72. Or there may be even three impressions reproduced of the same finger or thumb.

A further set of finger-prints will appear in next week's issue.

The published decision is final and conclusive. Competitors must enter only on that understanding.

43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48.

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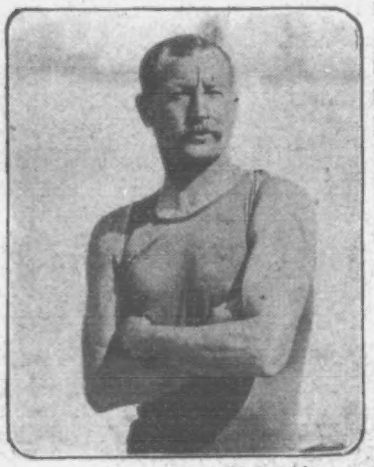
Colonial Readers of the "Penny Illustrated Paper" will be glad to know that Antipon is stocked by Wholesale Druggists in Australasia, South Africa, India, &c., and may always be obtained by ordering through a local Chemist or Stores.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

It is quite astonishing how many people leave off all useful reading and study as soon as they cease to go to school. They seem to think that they have gathered a quite sufficiently respectable stock-in-trade of "culture" to last them a life-time.

People must be really very foolish if they think they are ever going to get on in the world on those sort of lines. And they are making their tutors and parents look foolish, too. No college in the world will undertake to teach you all there is to know about anything. All that the professors can do is *to teach people how to learn*, and they might just as well save themselves the trouble of knocking a little



Photo, Advance.

Famous Life-Saver: By the rescue of two young visitors from drowning last week, William Adams, of Gorleston, has brought his list of lives saved from the water to seventy-four. He acquired the habit of life-saving when he was only eleven years old, and persisted in it without public recognition until he was twenty-one years old, when he received his first testimonial from the Royal Humane Society. Since then he has received seventeen of the society's certificates, several gold, silver, and bronze medals with clasps, and innumerable private testimonials.

knowledge into you if you are not going to make any subsequent use of your eyes and ears.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of the greatest painters we have ever had in Britain, gave an eloquent warning on this subject in one of the very sensible "discourses" on art which he used to deliver to the students of the Royal Academy. His words are even more appropriate to-day than they were at the time he wrote them. They might well stand at the present time as a verdict on the British Nation as a whole.

This is what he said: "Those who either from their own engagements and hurry of business, or from indolence, or from conceit and vanity, have neglected *looking out of themselves* . . . . have from that time not only ceased to advance and improve in their performance, but have gone backward. They may be compared to men who have lived upon their principal till they are reduced to beggary and left without resources."

Sir Joshua Reynolds realised that all men might achieve success by hard and patient work. He knew that drudgery lay on the road to genius.

"Excellence," he said, "is never granted to man but as the reward of labour. If you have great talents, industry will improve them. If you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour. Nothing is to be obtained without it."

In this connection it is worth while remembering that most of the men who have achieved great things in the world have laid the foundations of their success *in their spare time*. The hour you spend in the train every day, or the half hour you waste after lunch, might be worth a guinea a minute to you one of these days if you employed yourself usefully.

And there is no need to make a martyr of yourself over the business, either. You don't need to spoil your eyesight and your digestion pouring over heavy books on top of a heavy meal. Read all you can with comfort, and for the rest concentrate your mind on the object of your ambition—and keep your eyes open. The Russian proverb says of the non-observant man, "He goes through the forest and sees no firewood."

A great controversy has been raging in a daily paper on the subject of "Falsehoods in Business," and a large number of readers have been shocked at the seemingly wide-spread habit of selling people something inferior to the thing they asked for. But I don't think myself that these "tricks of the trade" are nearly so common as you might suppose from reading the letters of the *Daily Mail's* correspondents.

Quite apart from the morality of the business, I don't think the average tradesman is such a fool as to cheat his customers. It wouldn't pay. The life of a lie is simply a question of time, and the life of the business lie, as a rule, is a pretty short one. In these days of big firms and strenuous competition the struggling tradesman has quite enough trouble to keep his customers, even though he gives them full value for their money, and sometimes a bit over. He can't afford to take any extra chances.

Are Englishmen losing that independence of spirit for which they have hitherto been famed the world over? Sometimes it seems to me as if they are. Nowadays, the working-classes seem to think that they have the right to expect other people to educate, feed, and clothe their children, to provide an income for them when they are out of work, and to find a pension for their old age.

It is only right that every child should be given as fair a start as possible in life, and that if this cannot be done by its own parents it should be seen to by the State. But nowadays we have got far beyond that in the matter of education, and the middle classes are being taxed for the benefit of the children of people who could well afford to pay for themselves. This is bad for the individual, and it is bad for the nation.

The more you do for people the less effort they are likely to make on their own behalf. Once you sap a man's feeling of self-dependence he is lost to all individual effort and progress. The Scotchman or the Irishman succeeds better in life than the Englishman because he is generally cradled in greater adversity, and has learnt to be independent and self-reliant.

There was once in England a down-trodden working-class. To-day there is an autocrasy of artisans. Of course, there will always be plenty of poor people who are deserving of help and pity, but at present the average artisan is comparatively better off than the average worker of other classes.

The artisan is already provided with free education out of the taxes, and free medicine of the hospitals. He has no social position to keep up, and few taxes to pay, and he is specially favoured by the railway companies in the matter of cheap trains.

Through the trade unions the artisan is now quite able to ask for anything else that he wants, and, if his demands are just, he is sufficiently powerful to see that he gets it. Under these circumstances it is time to consider whether it is wise of the rest of us to go on conferring favours upon the artisan until the latter is compelled to contribute more equally towards the up keep of the Empire.

There was once a poor chemist's assistant named Davy. In his odd moments of leisure he used to try all sorts of experiments with instruments which he fashioned himself from the pots and pans of the kitchen, and the phials and vessels of his master's shop. Later in life he became Sir Humphry Davy, one of the greatest professors of chemistry in England.

And this is the motto which Davy, the chemist's boy, wrote in his note-book when he was twenty years of

Photo, Park.

Exciting Thames Rescue: Whilst a large crowd last week were awaiting the arrival of one of the L.C.C. steamers at the Cherry Gardens Pier, a lad who had been bathing near the pier got into difficulties owing to the strong tide. A member of the London County Council made an attempt to save the lad, but failed, whereupon a man named Messenger plunged into the river fully dressed, and, after superhuman struggles, brought the boy to land amid great excitement.

age:—"I have neither riches nor power nor birth to recommend me; yet if I live, I trust I shall not be of less service to mankind and my friends than if I had been born with all these advantages."

You might write that motto out and take it for your own. You could not have a better one.

VALENTIA STEER.

A CAMEL-TRAIN ENTERING PEKIN: This interesting snapshot was sent by a "P.I.P." Reader in China.

Replies in Brief.

R. B. (London).—The Caerphilly cream cakes are made as follows: Take fine dry flour and pass it through a sieve, into it mix a teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Mix with sufficient sour cream to make a dough. Roll out lightly into flat cakes ¼in. thick, and bake on a griddle on the top of the stove. Currants and sugar may be added.

J. R. (London, N.W.).—We know of no book giving information on the taking of thumb and finger impressions. Some people take up the collection of the finger prints of their friends as a hobby. For this purpose a book containing a properly inked pad and blank leaves can be obtained. The cost is about one shilling. The *Daily Express* has lately been publishing a good deal of information of finger prints.

Photo, Advance.

A Boy's Brave Deed at the Crystal Palace: George Pye (age 11 years) threw off his jacket and in an instant dived to the rescue of his two drowning school chums. He saved Wright, but failed to save poor Johnny Farleigh, who clutched Geo. Pye by the legs, and he had to shake him off and swim to the bank.

S. P. (Cornwall).—Perhaps the best method of getting rid of green fly is to moisten the infected part and dust with Scotch snuff. Dip a feather in tobacco water and apply to the plant will also improve matters, while they may be destroyed by fumigating them with tobacco smoke. The fumigator you mention should also be of service. Any seedsman or garden implement shop should be able to provide it for you.

"WELL-WISHER" (Birmingham).—Mr Victor Cavendish is not paid for his services as secretary of the Liberal Unionist Council. It is an honorary position. Mr. Cavendish is heir to the Duke of Devonshire; the Marquis of Lansdowne, a vice-president of the Council, is his father-in-law; he was educated at Eton and Trinity, Cambridge, lives in Park Lane, is a member of Brooks' Club, and is Treasurer of the King's Household. M.P. for West Derbyshire since 1991. Mr. Cavendish is a keen politician. At the election of 1895 he was returned unopposed.

KENSINGTON READER. — Even in the counties within easy reach of London areas can still be found where a man is free to build the thing he will. A large part of Essex, Cambridge, and Hampshire (excepting the sea fringe) has no by-laws. Surrey, Sussex, Kent, and Berks are comparatively by-laws-ridden, but Wilts is almost free of building regulations. A large proportion of the 700 district councils in England and Wales having building by-laws in force have them applicable only to small town areas, seaside resorts, and parishes surrounding urban districts.

B. F. NAYLOR (New Southgate).—You are quite correct. The uniform is that of the Coldstream Guards: Scots was inserted in error. One can tell the regiments of Guards at once by glancing at their buttons. The Grenadiers have buttons set at equal distances apart; the Coldstreams have two buttons set close together, followed by a space; the Scots Guards have a space between every three buttons, and in the Irish Guards' uniform the larger space comes between every four buttons. There are various other means of identifying the regiments, according to their badges, plumes in their busbies, &c., but the method of the buttons is the one most easily remembered.

J. F. O'KEEFFE (Cork).—To obtain particulars of the will of a person dying in India you should apply, giving particulars, to the Chief Registrar of Wills of the Presidency (Madras, Bengal, or Bombay) in which the person died. A small fee of half a crown or one shilling will, no doubt, be charged. Before doing this, however, you might apply to the Registrar-General of Wills, Somerset House, Strand, London, W.C., giving full particulars as to name, date of death, &c., as sometimes wills of people who die in the Colonies are registered in London. A fee of one shilling would probably be charged for searching the registers, while, if you required a copy, the charge would be according to the length of will.

M. HENDERSON.—Germans have provided us with a way of determining the age of the egg. In a small vessel with an angular scale the cook places water, in which she dissolves salt until the water will not absorb more. An egg newly laid will lie in this in a horizontal position. If it be not fresh, the gas chamber at one end of the egg imparts a tendency to rise. A three-day-old egg will show an elevation of the gas chamber end; and one five days old will cause the long axis to form an angle of twenty degrees. By the time the egg has attained its eighth day, the angle has become forty-five degrees; at three weeks to seventy-five degrees; at a month to a position in which the egg floats vertically on the pointed end.

CONSTANT READER (Southsea).—Lord Crawford is well known as a scientist and an astronomer, also as a yachtsman and a great traveller. He owns the magnificent steam yacht the *Valhalla*, now lying off Cowes, and among his many possessions is the beautiful Villa Palmieri, near Florence, once occupied by Queen Victoria. The Earl of Crawford suffered a grevious loss at the hands of his ancestors as the greater portion of the family library, formed three centuries ago, and considered to be the finest in the north of Scotland, was accidentally dispersed, and sold to the butterman. It may be remembered that the last case of body-snatching which occurred in the United Kingdom was when the coffin of the late Earl was stolen, but afterwards fortunately discovered in the woods of Dunecht. Balcarres House, Fifeshire, is a large mansion, the chief charms of which are the terrace and gardens and the fact that the place is within a walk of the seacoast.

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